The Wild Olive Bowl

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This work has not been previously submitted in whole, or in part, for the award of any degree. It is my own work. Each significant contribution to, and quotation in, this dissertation from the work, or works, of other people has been attributed, and has been cited and referenced.

Signature: Date:

Abstract: The Wild Olive Bowl

Set against the political backdrop of the boycotts, arson and funerals of July 1980 in Grahamstown, this novel explores how the discovery of the dead body of a street child under the walls of St Jude's Chapel sets events in motion that provoke the spiritual crises faced by the two protagonists. Father Philip Riley, the non-stipendiary curate at St Jude's who had come to South Africa as a missionary inspired by Trevor Huddleston, has over the years lost any sense of his priestly vocation and his own personal beliefs. Lieutenant Daniel Broughton of the Grahamstown CID has to solve the mystery of the boy's death, but he too has lost his idealism following a career in the South African Police that began at Sharpeville, and now hovers in a dead-end position in Grahamstown. Both these men have to come to terms with what the death of the street child requires of them. Riley has to overcome his reluctance to give the child a proper burial, and Broughton has to dig deeper than he is initially willing to, to determine how the child died.

As the story unfolds, details emerge which thwart the opening attempts by both men to deflect any responsibility for the child from themselves. Riley had started life in an orphanage, and had been forced into colluding with the supervisor to cover up the cause of death of one of the orphans. He is challenged by the selfless love shown for the child by Mrs Mabata, a parishioner at St Jude's who had tried to foster the street child. He realises that his reluctance to engage with the situation has to do with denying his own failures, based on his own life story. Giving in to pressure from a Roman Catholic priest to carry out the funeral, he discovers an inner strength to defy a police order not to conduct the funeral. The funeral goes ahead successfully, and Riley experiences moments of transcendence that allow him to re-discover his vocation. On the other hand, Broughton discovers that the street child's involvement as an informer for the Security Police had been the cause of his death. When he supposes that the child was killed by members of the community as a response to this betrayal, he is challenged by the allegation from within

the community that a Security policeman was also involved. When he confronts the Security policeman, he has not got the strength to pursue his inquiry, and his report on the child's death indicates death by persons unknown. The following day, Broughton's garage where he practised his hobby of wood turning was firebombed and he is killed.

Despite the disillusionment of both men at the beginning, their reactions to the challenges they face assert that salvation can be achieved. Love, particularly selfless love is regenerative and redemptive. Failure to confront immoral and corrupt authority leads inexorably to defeat. The ending sets the resolution of each man's story against the other, asserting the moral universe.

(497 words)

Prologue

Early morning. Just before dawn. That moment of false dawn. The eastern sky glimmers, and features of the landscape become visible. Grahamstown, sheltering in the hollow lap of its surrounding hills, remains dark. Along the higher ground off to the east, the gathering glow behind the horizon indicates eminent sunrise. And then the dawn breaks.

As the sun rises and its light spills over Grahamstown, the 1820 Settlers Monument and Fort Mitchell, perched on the high ground on the city's western edges, are the first to receive the glow. The light then slides down over the university, revealing the Clock Tower and the red-roofed buildings of the campus. The catering staff in the dining halls are already busy, preparing breakfast. The higher the sun rises, the more its rays are dispersed all the way down High Street, to the town centre around the Cathedral of St George with its tall elegant spire, the squat solidity of the City Hall and the Commemoration Church. The sun is already high in the sky before the train station at the bottom of the High Street is lit up. Only then, when the sun's rays clear Makana's Kop are Tantyi location and the Fingo Village illuminated.

In Hudson Street, just across the dip from the lower end of Fingo Village, in the Rectory, Father Philip Riley rolls upright in his bed after a disturbed night. With his eyes still closed, he gathers himself together. If he looks out of the rectory windows, he would see that the walls of St Jude's Chapel are decaying, their stones flaking and crumbling at the edges. He chooses not to look. Water, wind and a lack of care take their toll. The woodwork of the roof exposed under the eaves lack paint, and the slate of the roof is rotting, in parts overgrown with moss. The grass in what passes as the churchyard is patchy and distressed by weeds, blackjacks and deviltjies strangling and choking the kweek. In the dim early morning, the shadows in the corners and angles of the buttresses are deep and dark, and the light struggles to penetrate them.

Across town, in the white suburbs on the northern edges of the city, Lieutenant Daniel Broughton of the Grahamstown CID sits on his stoep, drinking a cup of coffee, watching the day emerge. He is working his way through a plate of Ouma buttermilk rusks, while exploring a problem that he had been mulling over for a while. Which piece of wood should be use for the salad bowl he is planning to make for his wife Elizabeth? He hears her behind him, in the kitchen, preparing their breakfast.

Across Tantyi and up into Joza, stoves are pumping out the smoke and smells of breakfast. In her house in M Street, Mrs Mavis Mabata, already a gogo at sixty years old, cooks her porridge on the primus stove. She had had a restless night, with dreams she does not understand. She thinks of her three sons, living in Port Elizabeth, married and employed. In her mind, she utters a short prayer of gratitude that they are beyond school-going age. She does not understand these school boycotts. Her sons all worked hard through school and now are making their way ahead. She sits down to eat the porridge, and as she eats, she puzzles over her dreams.

People are already streaming from the townships to town itself, those who have jobs. Scholars are on their way to their schools. In the white schools, classes start and the day proceeds. In the black schools, the scholars arrive in the school grounds, and as they have done since May, stay outside their classrooms. For three years now, the schools have been disrupted. Some have been burnt down. Children have been arrested and punished, but nothing seems to be getting any better.

On the corner of Huntley and Hill streets, near the Cathedral, the white library, and the Synagogue, a group of five ragged street children huddle together. Their clothes are assorted and tatty cast-offs, their hair is dusty and dirty, their faces smeared with body fluids and dirt. They hardly speak. They huddle together, trying to ward off something other than just the cold.

Saturday 19 July

Sergeant Hannes Bezuidenhout and Constable Nicolas Els sat in the cab of the police van parked at the bottom of Raglan Road, looking up the slope towards Tantyi township. Els hunched back in his seat, chewing a thumbnail, and every now and then, glancing across at the sergeant. Bezuidenhout drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, constantly scanning from left to right. Els was a bit in awe of Bezuidenhout, who was a member of the special task force that had been deployed in a number of unrest areas around South Africa. These policemen were highly trained in dealing with these situations, as well as having seen action on the border. He was a big man, with strong shoulders and powerful wrists. Els thought his face had seen a lot of police work over his seventeen years in the SAP. Els was wiry, a long distance runner at school who still ran for enjoyment, and planned to undertake the Comrades one of these years. He had only been in the police for two and a half years. He and a number of other policemen had been seconded from Port Elizabeth up to Grahamstown for the anticipated unrest.

Els felt the sergeant glance across at him. "Ja, mate, anything could happen. You never know. This is a troubled town right now."

Els sat up. He wanted to talk – anything to ease the tension. "Sarge, you were on duty last Friday here as well, weren't you, when there was that disturbance in the schools boycott, when the woman was killed, the one being buried now?"

"I tell you something. These were not just school kids boycotting class. That has been going on for months already. This time there were organizers as well, not school kids, they were responsible for setting that thing going the way it went. When we got orders to disperse the gathering, there must have been over a thousand people there. We used birdshot. There were dogs as well, and we had to make several baton charges. And then, when the school children had all scattered, we found the body of that Bantu woman, with two gunshot injuries. I saw her, and

what had killed her was not birdshot, I can tell you that. I have seen live ammunition wounds, and that is what she had."

"Sarge, are you saying that she did not die from police fire?"

"Mate, all I can tell you is what I know, and I only saw shotguns with birdshot. I don't know who had live ammunition. I don't know who fired live rounds in the disturbance."

"Hell, Sarge, is it likely that they would shoot their own people?"

"Constable, you must work that out for yourself. You heard what the Captain said: 'The SAP has formally denied any responsibility for the woman's death.' That's good enough for me. Tell me, can you hear anything out your side?"

Els wound down his window and listened. "No, Sarge, nothing."

Bezuidenhout grunted. "Orders said that the funeral would start in A Street, and we did hear them going over to the Cemetery. Any minute now, mate, any minute now."

Raglan Road, the main road out of Grahamstown heading eastwards, ran up right through the middle of the black townships. On the right hand side of the road was Fingo Village, and on the left, Tantyi Location. Els looked up the road. "Man, this is too quiet. There should be more cars moving up and down, and there are no people around anywhere. This is not usual for locations, hey, Sarge?"

The radio crackled. Els jerked forward and turned the volume up. "All units, all units. Crowd dispersing from the cemetery. It looks like three groups are developing. Two groups heading up the slope towards Joza, the third group heading across Tantyi presumably towards Raglan Road. Stand by for instructions."

Els leaned forward, peering through the windscreen looking for signs of movement. Within minutes, individuals started emerging from between the houses, many of them youths, even children, dressed somberly for the funeral, but now edgy and restless, dancing and toyi-toyiing. They started heading for the road, looking for any vehicles moving up or down the road. Els looked up the road and saw a Mercedes start accelerating down the long slope. He looked back at

the youths, and saw them brandishing stones in readiness. He saw arms raised, stones thrown, and he followed the stones as they bounced off another car, this one going up Raglan Road. He pointed at the car and shouted to the sergeant, “Look at that!” The car swerved away, onto the right-hand side of the road, accelerating to evade the stones. As he watched, he saw this action repeated on the other car as well. It all happened very quickly. Bezuidenhout was starting the van, cursing as he had to coax it to life. It caught, and he revved the engine.

“Sarge, what do we do?” Els realised that his voice had gone up a register, and he battled to control it.

Bezuidenhout slammed the van into gear, whacked the siren on, and revving the engine fiercely, took off up the road, heading for the concentrations of stone-throwers. The van bounced as he left the tar. Els saw the groups quickly scatter from in front of the van, and then, as soon as the vehicle had gone past, regroup, and continue with the stone-throwing. Bezuidenhout turned the van, and came down the street again, chasing the youngsters round without much success. Els’s uncle ran a farm in the Karoo, and a wild thought crossed his mind – this was like chasing sheep around. The radio crackled again.

“Bezuidenhout, close the road. As planned, put up the barricades so that the road is closed. Once they are up, stay at your station.”

“Shit,” Bezuidenhout greeted that message. But he slowed the van down, and headed down to the dip at the bottom end of Raglan Road where the barricades had been dropped off earlier in anticipation of this. He and Els clambered out, and helped the other police who were stationed there erect the barriers. This quickly closed off the road at the bottom, while other units did the same at the top, up near Makana’s Kop. With the road closed, and no vehicles passing through, the stone-throwers dispersed. The police waited for further orders, but nothing was forthcoming. Els could hear the noise of unrest higher up at the top of Tantyi, and further over the ridge into Joza. He saw Bezuidenhout slapping the heel of his hand onto the steering wheel, muttering a string of frustrated curses. They kept scanning the houses on either side of the road.

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Els kept watching Bezuidenhout who did not seem able to sit still. He was gripping the steering wheel, quickly scanning up and down Raglan Road as well as the houses of both sides of the tar. “Mate, let us show some initiative.” He started the van and took off up Raglan Road, and turned left into Albert Street, into the middle of Tantyi. As he did this, he shouted out a running commentary for Els, venting his own hyped up emotions. The van bounced around wildly, and Els gripped on as tightly as he could, his knuckles white with the pressure. Bezuidenhout turned into M Street and started heading up towards Joza Township. Although there were people milling about, Els couldn’t immediately spot the groups that had been mentioned in the earlier messages. There were other vans patrolling as well. When they got up into Joza, they found that the people had moved on or dispersed. It was clear that stones had been thrown at Ntsika School just below Makana’s Kop, at N C Cewu and Makana School in Joza.

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Els was relieved that they seemed to have missed the initial actions of police – he guessed that the use of birdshot and teargas by the other police vans had had their effect. As they started coming back down into Tantyi, Els saw groups and individuals dashing quickly away from the vans as they passed, and he saw bystanders taking refuge in the houses and yards. He looked behind the van once, and saw people regrouping as soon as the police left. Els saw the damage – mostly windows broken in the three schools. When they passed the East Cape Administration offices at Makana’s Kop, Bezuidenhout pointed out where windows had been broken as well.

Bezuidenhout returned to their station at the lower end of Raglan Road, and turned the van’s engine off. The silence in the cab swelled as both men regained some composure. Els had

consciously to slow down his breathing, and he realised that Bezuidenhout, for all his bravado, was doing the same.

"Sarge, why are they throwing stones at their own schools? I thought all of this unrest was about their schooling – why are they shitting on their own doorsteps? Why destroy the exact thing they want to have improved?" Els's voice was creeping up again as he released some of the tension he had felt during the ride through the townships.

"I don't know, mate, I have long ago given up trying to understand these Bantu." He took his cap off, and rubbed his hands through this hair. Els stared straight ahead, still panting as he tried to calm down. He tried to make a joke of it to break the tension.

"Shit, Sarge, I reckon I was more scared of your driving than of being hit by any stones." And he laughed to show that it was joke.

Bezuidenhout looked across at him, with an impassive face. "Fuck you," he said and then grinned. "Don't worry, son, there will be plenty more action today, and maybe we will score some points."

Els felt his stomach clutch at what the sergeant said. He clearly meant it.

They waited there for quite a while. The radio crackled every now and then, but it appeared that the first burst of activity after the funeral was all there was going to be. Els got out of the van and walked around a bit, scanning the layout of streets and houses. He noticed that there were now more people in Raglan Road – some fetching water from the stand-pipes, others standing around talking, sometimes pointing at the police contingents at the top and bottom of Raglan Road. Bezuidenhout stayed in the cab, and he had tipped his cap forwards and appeared to be dozing. At five o' clock, he radioed in and asked whether the barricades could come down as there was nothing happening any longer. He was told to wait some time longer. Then at six o' clock, the units were ordered to take down the barricades and return to the Station in New Street. Els felt a surge of relief when the order to stand down came through.

When they returned to New Street, some of the police were dismissed, and were sent home. Bezuidenhout and Els were among those who were kept on stand-bye, in case anything should flare up after dark. Other units had remained out in the locations keeping an eye on things. The policemen hung around in the courtyard, waiting. They gathered in small groups; some boasting of their exploits, others silent and concerned.

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Just after seven o clock, a couple of phone calls reported that crowds were gathering at the lower end of M Street. The men in the courtyard were called into readiness. Just before 7.30pm, they set off for Tantyi as the Beer Hall was being stoned by the crowds. Bezuidenhout and Els were the fourth unit to leave, and they roared down to Beaufort Street, and then into Raglan. Els was nearly hyperventilating, but hung on while Bezuidenhout flung the van through the corners. He kept looking at Bezuidenhout, who seemed to Els to be enjoying himself. When they turned off Raglan into Albert Street, they slowed right down, confronted with a much more orderly and aggressive crowd than they had seen that afternoon.

Els watched with horrified fascination as he saw one man take aim at the front windscreen of their van and then fling his arm in a bowling action sending a half-brick spiraling toward him. He watched the brick coming and he flinched as it hit the metal screen protecting the windscreen. Then more and more stones and bricks were thrown. The crowding of people meant that there was less room for the police vans to manoeuvre. They had to stop, and a number of the constables leapt out of the back of the vans, shotguns loaded with birdshot. They started firing at the crowd ahead of them.

Els flinched as the shotguns went off, and he turned his head to look behind them. “Sarge, Sarge,” he yelled. “Behind you. Look behind you – they are putting up a barricade.”

Bezuidenhout looked. “Hold on. Let’s sort that out,” he bellowed, and shouted out an instruction to the constables outside for backup. They also saw what was happening, and some turned with Bezuidenhout to blast their way out. He slammed the van into reverse, and took off. Birdshot rang out of both sides of the van, trying to clear the protestors away from the tyres, tree trucks, concrete blocks and other pieces that were being piled up across the road. Bezuidenhout aimed for what he thought was the weakest point and rammed the van at it. Men were still running onto and off the barricade when the van hit, and lurched wildly from side to side as it ramped up and over the barricades. Els saw people going down, and felt or heard others bouncing off the sides of the van as they crashed through. Bezuidenhout pulled back further to allow the other vans to break through the obstructions as well. After three units had crashed through, the police launched a counter-attack and gained control of the barricades. They started pulling them apart to open up a way for the other vehicles closer to the Beer Hall. Within minutes, the blockages were cleared away, and the group working the barricade had disappeared. There were however, some bodies on the roadway.

“Els, go and see about those casualties. Be careful.” Some had minor injuries, and were trying to get away. Els made no attempt either to detain them or chase them. Three men were down and didn’t move away. Two were dead, killed by birdshot wounds. The third was no more than 16 years old, and had a serous head injury. When Major Cronwright arrived at the scene, he ordered Bezuidenhout to take the youth up to Settlers Hospital. Els and two other constables loaded the boy into the van, and Els climbed into the back as well. They set off.

Els looked at the youth, who was lying completely still, his eyes closed. He didn’t know whether the boy was dead or alive. One hand was resting on his stomach; the other was lying by his side. Els studied the hand, and was disconcerted to realise that he was admiring the slender, almost manicured fingers. For the first time, Els regarded him not as one of the enemy, but as a boy, someone’s child. He was about the same size and age as his own brother, living in PE, still

at school. Would his brother ever do anything like this? Els wondered. The rage he had seen in some of the faces of the people throwing stones appalled him.

When they reached the Hospital, orderlies came out and took the boy away. They drove back to the police station, and joined the rest of the force that had returned from the townships. Major Cronwright thanked them for the day's work, and praised them for managing the situation. Then a lieutenant from the Security Police came forward and addressed them.

"Well done, men, this was a good job. But understand me well. You all know as well as I do that this was not just a spontaneous uprising. This was planned and co-ordinated. We have to find the ringleaders and make sure that they can't create any more trouble. These so-called school boycotts have been going on for too long, and we need to get control of the situation. Now I know that all of you in one or another way have contacts and informers out there. I want you to start asking questions and getting some answers from them. Who are the ringleaders, and how can we get them and take them out of this situation? We must all work together on this, otherwise we will never restore order. But you must be careful. We must get information from them, and not allow them to know what we are doing. So I want you to get talking, and when you find out names and places, you must let me know."

He stayed standing up, looking with his pale greenish eyes searchingly at every one of the policemen gathered there. Those of them who knew about this lieutenant felt a slight tightening of their stomach muscles as his eyes swept past theirs.

Sunday 20 July

The early morning Mass at the chapel in Hudson Street ended. Father Riley walked down the aisle to the doorway to be able to greet the small congregation as they left the chapel. He noticed some new faces among his regulars. He wondered if they were here because of the unrest the day before. He had not preached a sermon, but even just going through the regular service, he was aware of tension in the atmosphere. He had a sense of this being just a lull in a storm, the violence of which was still to be played out. As he reached the door, he brushed his thinning hair back with his fingers, and then felt in his pocket for the security of his handkerchief.

As was his practice, he shook hands with everyone as they came out, and tried to say something personal or particular to each of them. Maybe about twenty, twenty-five, he estimated, fewer blacks than usual. He noticed that they were grouping together according to race, but he also saw that some of the whites were making contact with the blacks. He was sure that they were asking about what had been happening. Once everyone had left the church, he knew he should mingle as well. He considered slipping back inside. But then he realised that he could not just leave them, even though that was what he wanted to do.

As he stepped forward, he noticed one of the newcomers hovering, waiting to catch his eye. As Riley took this in, he thought he might have met the man previously, although he wasn't sure where.

The newcomer approached. "Father Riley. Father Philip Riley? Weren't you at one time in the Kimberley Cathedral?" They shook hands. Riley studied the man's features. He took in the florid face, the portly body, and the slightly damp and flaccid handshake.

"Yes, indeed, I was there. Hallo. I am afraid I don't recall your name. But yes, I was there for a while. Didn't we also meet at the Kimberley Club during some or other function?"

"Ah, yes, indeed. My name is Andrew Blakesley. I was only in Kimberley for a couple of weeks then and I didn't get the chance to introduce myself properly."

"That's right. I remember now. And here you are in Grahamstown."

"Well, I am just doing some more research at the University, banging on about the effects of Empire on individuals. Grahamstown offers a rich field of study. I though I would come here today - I have attended most of the other Anglican Churches in Grahamstown - there are rather a lot. I didn't think I'd bump into an old acquaintance."

"Then welcome to St Jude's. You might find the history of this little corner of the vineyard interesting. Let me introduce you to some of these good people." Shepherding Blakesley, he approached the group around one of his favorite people, Mrs Davy Newman. She was holding the hand of an elderly black woman, whom Riley recognized as Mrs Newman's domestic. He caught the tail end of Davy's reassurance: "Shame, it must have been very frightening."

Mrs Mabata was not in Father Riley's limited acquaintance an articulate person and that was certainly the case now. Her reply was punctuated by pauses, and repetitions, and groans.

"Yes, Miss Davy, I was frightened. In the afternoon, the kwedins came running up and down past my house. I kept the door locked and didn't want to look out the window in case they wanted to come into my house. And then the police vans, with the sirens. And then the teargas, and I had to get wet towels to cover my face. I heard guns, and shouting, and cars. I was very frightened."

"Sjoe, Mavis, that must have been scary. Was there anyone with you, or were you on your own?" Davy asked.

"No, Miss Davy, I was alone. That's why I was scared. And then in the night, again, they came to the Beer Hall near my house. I heard the stones, and then the police came. There was more shooting and teargas. Yo, yo, it's bad, Miss Davy."

Her friend joined in.

"Yes, I live up near Joza. I went out this morning and I saw all the school windows were broken. There were stones everywhere. Now when the rain comes, the schools will be full up with water as well. It is all these little children. Where are the fathers? Why can the fathers not come and punish these naughty ones?"

Davy responded, "Well, the fathers are not here, are they? That's part of the problem. But the children want their schools to be made nice, to have proper equipment, and desks, and schoolbooks – the government is not doing what it should."

"Aai, Miss Davy, I wish it could be better."

Father Riley stepped into the circle, bringing Andrew Blakesley in with him, and Davy edged sideways to include them. "Hallo Father. Did you see anything last night from the Rectory? It's so close, you must have heard just about everything?"

Father Riley was a cautious man, and did not often commit himself to anything. "Well, I did hear a lot of the noise, close by, first in the afternoon, and then around 7.30ish."

"Did you come out onto the road here? I'm sure you could have seen just about everything in Fingo Village and even parts of Tantyi?"

"Well, yes, I did come out a bit in the evening, but I didn't stay long. Does anyone know if there were any casualties? It is so worrying when these protests turn violent: people get hurt, sometimes very badly."

Nobody answered that. The few whites who were there mostly lived some distance from the church situated at the bottom end of Market Street, just at the edge of the white town, across the dip from Fingo Village. The blacks felt their silence.

"Ah, well, I'm sure we will read about it on Monday morning in the papers. This is a sad business. And the boycott has been going on since May or even longer."

"Yes, Father, and don't forget all those children arrested last year, and the schools that were burnt two years ago."

Andrew Blakesley leaned forward, tentatively lifting up a hand, as if asking permission to speak. He looked around at the other people around Father Riley, and then made the point that he had heard in several discussions at the university. "Ah, yes. We must also understand that a lot of the trouble is started when police go into the township and create a focal point for the discontent."

He looked around the circle, nodding at his own point, as if encouraging the others to agree with him.

'When the conditions in the schools are as bad as they are, it doesn't take much for frustrated and angry children to find an outlet. I understand that the school children have been disciplined and orderly in the boycotts, for about four months already – but put a squad of police in the township, with the sirens blaring and driving as fast as they do – it's like a red rag to a bull. I must say I can't really blame the children, even if it does mean that their disadvantage is increased when they take their anger out on the very institutions they are trying to improve. But on the other hand, I also have sympathy for the police who have to do a very difficult job. Even if there are policemen who are brutes and enjoy bullying the children."

Nobody said anything. What was there to say? The people started going off in their various directions, leaving a sombre atmosphere in the churchyard.

Father Riley let them all leave before he went back inside the church and packed away everything from the service. Blakesley's presence triggered memories of his own time in Kimberley. In 1964, he had been appointed as curate in the Cathedral of St Cyprian, after three rather dismal years on a mission station in Pondoland. He had felt immediately at home in the cathedral parish, and the predominantly white congregation made him feel welcome. It was during this time that he had encountered Blakesley. He had regarded Blakesley as a stereotype, the archetypal Englishman abroad, even though Riley himself had only been in South African for four years.

After three years in the Cathedral, Riley was asked to take over to the parish in Kimberley's West End as priest–in-charge. He had enjoyed being the parish priest in this congregation. It was not a large parish, nor was it especially active. Every now and then, he would introduce a small high-church practice, and he spent a lot of time working on his sermons, alternating between heavy theological points, and simple practical homilies about living a good life. He stayed there until the end of 1976. During 1975, his father had died, peacefully and quietly. Philip went back to England to be at his funeral. After the interment, he suggested to his mother that he should return to England to be with her. She was now very frail, and the loss of her husband had weakened her desire to go on living. She, uncharacteristically, urged him to go back and continue with his life. Philip had never really been very honest with his parents in the letters he wrote. They believed he had a much more meaningful vocation in Africa than was the case. He had agreed, unwilling to disillusion her.

Within six months, he had to return to England to bury his mother, and to sort out her estate. After meeting the lawyers, he found that his parents had been surprisingly well-to-do, and that there was a sizable inheritance for him as the sole heir. Philip immediately knew what he wanted. He instructed the lawyers and the financial advisors to invest the money in such a way that he could live comfortably in South Africa on the interest. This meant that he could reduce his obligation to the church. By the end of 1976, he had resigned from the Kimberley diocese and had been accepted as a non-stipendiary priest in the little chapelry of St Jude in Grahamstown.

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Before he left to go back to the rectory, he paused in front of the only stained glass window the chapel had, on the north wall, the closest to the altar of the three windows. It was a Victorian styled window, with a depiction of Jesus with three little children around him, and lambs in the

foreground. The wording underneath the picture read, “Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me.”

Riley did not offer any prayers in response.

Tuesday 22 July

Mrs Mary October left her house in L Street in Tantyi location and set out for Raglan Road, heading into the white part of Grahamstown. As she walked, she reflected on the troubles that had taken place in Tantyi on Saturday. She was worried because children were involved, and they seemed not to be listening to the adults. It was hard for children, living here in Grahamstown, but they should still listen to and obey their elders. She shook her head. Thank goodness her two daughters were now grown up and living in Mdantsane.

She saw Mrs Mavis Mabata coming from M Street, and she waited so that they could walk together. They greeted each other formally as they were accustomed to, and then talked as they walked towards Raglan Road. They were more or less of the same height, but Mrs October was thin and her face was stern and controlled. Mrs Mabata was plump, and her lines on her face showed the effects of her habitual smiles.

“These children.” said Mrs October. “They were just running all over the place, and then fighting with the police, and throwing stones at the schools. This is not good.”

She looked across at Mrs Mabata who nodded her head but did not offer any further comment. Normally Mrs Mabata was a cheerful and talkative person, but this morning, she did not look happy at all. They walked in a companionable silence down Raglan Road till it became Beaufort Street, and then turning off into Hudson Road, where Mrs October worked as house-keeper for Father Riley. Mrs Mabata worked for Davy and Jeremy Newman, who lived round the corner from the church, in George Street.

As they parted, Mrs October turned to Mrs Mabata, and asked, “Are you alright? I’m concerned for you. You seem very worried.”

"Mrs October, I am scared today. Last night I had dreams, all night dreams, and there were animals, and goats, and pigs, and they were behaving like people, walking around and talking. I was so scared." For the first time, she looked up directly into Mrs October's eyes.

Mrs October nodded sympathetically, not sure what to make of this. "Are these dreams special dreams, are they a message?" was all she could think of to ask.

Mrs Mabata shook her head emphatically. "These dreams come from somewhere and they cannot be good dreams. Things are not what they should be."

"Yes, that is true. These children must go back to school, and we must not have the police shooting and spraying the tear gas in our streets. Things are not right."

"No, it's not that. It is something else. I pray that my sons in iBhayi are not in trouble." She shook her head, looking down at the street, and then set off to the end of Hudson Street to turn into Market. Mrs October watched her go, worried about her friend's disquiet. She turned and went in through the gate into the churchyard.

* * * * *

St Jude's Church was on Hudson Street, at the lower end of Market Street. The eccentric Englishman, Captain James Turner, had built it in fulfillment of a promise made to St Jude during the Spanish flu following the First World War. It was essentially just a chapel, and the Diocese would almost certainly close it as soon as its present incumbent, Father Philip Riley, departed. There was a straggly fence marking out the churchyard, enclosing almost as an afterthought, the tiny rectory on the northern corner of the plot. Captain Turner's daughter had almost died from the flu. She survived although she remained sickly most of her life. Captain Turner, raised Catholic, had made a deal with St Jude when Elizabeth was at her worst, and he attributed her unexpected recovery unreservedly to the saint's intervention. When they left England, and landed up in Grahamstown, Elizabeth's continued improvement and return to

health left him convinced that she owed her life to the saint. He bought the land cheaply and built the chapel and gave it to the Diocese. His sole proviso was that it should be dedicated to St Jude. As there was already a church to St Bartholomew higher up Market Street, and the apostles Bartholomew and Jude had been sent out together by the early Church to evangelise Armenia, the Diocese agreed. The little parish that grew up around the chapel straggled along without ever becoming completely viable. The curates who ministered to this flock were themselves invariably in need of sustained support both spiritual and material, which explained the dilapidation so evident in the stringy July sunshine.

Mrs October opened the churchyard gate and walked in. She remained slightly critical of the state of disrepair and neglect of the churchyard. However, there was no money to pay for a gardener or even a cleaner, and she knew enough not to make her feelings known. If she did make any comment, the burden of addressing the neglect would most certainly be placed on her shoulders. Looking after the rector and his house took as much energy as she regarded her tiny remuneration required of her. She was a devout woman, which is why she did what she did. She walked the couple of steps past the church door, and turned left to take the path to the Rectory.

As she set off, she cast a casual glance along the north-facing wall, looking for sufficient evidence to maintain her attitude about the state of the yard. What she saw, or thought she saw, suddenly stopped her. She turned off the path instinctively, drawn to inspect the ragged pile of what looked like rubbish that disturbed her view. She slowed down as she approached the discarded bundle, abandoned against the north-east buttress. At first she did not make any sense of what she saw, but then she realized that the bundle was a body crunched up in a peculiar position. It hardly seemed human.

She stood frozen for a minute, trying to make sense of what she was seeing, until she recognized the jacket the corpse was wearing.

“Ai, ai, ai ai,” she wailed, the sounds coming from deep inside her chest and rasping her throat. “What have you done, Kleingat?” And then, “What have they done to you?”

She started distinguishing parts of the bundle, recognizing the torso, the unnatural positioning of the limbs, the head, face down in the red dust of the churchyard. It was undoubtedly Kleingat, but what had been done to him to leave him broken like this?

Her heart raced as she stared. She had not liked the little street child everyone called Kleingat when he was alive, but seeing him like this unsettled her. She turned abruptly and hurried back to the path to the Rectory. Father must deal with this. He would know what had to be done. She struggled to breathe – as if a tight band was encircling her chest and she had to gasp for air. As she faltered along, she pulled the house key out from her bag, and pushed open the gate into the little garden outside the front door. She fumbled with the lock, had to stop, and catch her breath before she could fit the Yale key into the keyhole.

Once inside, she headed straight for Father Riley's study because she knew that he would be there, as he always was at this time of day. Without knocking, she pushed open the door and gasped out, "Father, Father, you must come."

Riley was seated at his chair, slightly turned away from his desk, with his Office book on his lap, and his eyes closed. He was saying Matins – a daily discipline he welcomed for the structure this gave both his day and his life. But Matins had a form and a shape, and nothing should be allowed to interrupt or disturb the quiet flow of words and intercessions. Without opening his eyes, he raised a hand towards where the words had come from, and Mrs October knew with a certainty that nothing would happen now until Father was finished his praying. She stayed where she was, one hand on her chest as if trying to calm the beating of her heart, the other still holding the doorknob.

She had no idea how long the silence continued. It could have been seconds; it could have been minutes. She made no sound despite the turmoil in her heart. When Father Riley opened his eyes, and closed his Office book, she took in a deep breath.

"And the top of the morning to you, Mrs October," he said, as he often did, with the same smile on his lips.

"Father, you must come," and she beckoned him with a flapping arm, trying to pull him off his chair by the urgency of her tone and gestures. She kept half-turning to the door as if to pull the priest with her.

"My dear Mrs October, what is it?"

But now she was beyond words. She reached out her hand and took him by the arm, something she had never done before. Father Riley pulled his arm back but did get up off his chair with greater impetus. She started moving off towards the still open front door, not looking to see whether Father was following, but somehow feeling that if she didn't get back to Kleingat, she would be failing him. She stomped away, thumping each step onto the floor as she rushed out into the garden. Father Riley uncharacteristically hurried after her, moved by her emotion.

* * * * *

As they entered the churchyard, Father Riley striding just behind Mrs October, did not see the bundle until she turned to him and pointed. "Look, Father, look." Father Riley slowed his gait, and approached the wall of the church with increasing apprehension. He stopped two or three paces away, and began to realise what it was. Involuntarily, he made the sign of the cross, and then repeated it. As his conscious mind and his priestly training accommodated what the bundle was, he began reciting the prayers for the dead that he had on many occasions been called upon to use. Normally in the context of a hospital ward, or a decorous deathbed scene in private and grieving homes.

"Father, that's Kleingat, isn't it?"

Father Riley did not answer, could not answer. He struggled to respond. He knew that death, especially violent and unexpected death, makes demands on those who encounter it. Within his heart he shied away from engaging with it as much as he could, even while his self-

knowledge as a priest demanded that engagement. Then a memory reared up from within that dark place where he hid his worst memories, anxiety and guilt.

He took refuge as he so often had done in the reassurance of ritual – he raised his right arm, with his hand elevated, the first two fingers straight; the third and fourth fingers curled into his palm. Slowly he started making the sign of the cross, while he began intoning the words of liturgy:

Go forth, O Christian Soul, upon thy journey from this world.
In the name of God the Almighty Father who created thee. Amen.
In the name of Jesus Christ who suffered for thee. Amen.
In the name of the Holy Ghost who strengthened thee. Amen.
In communion with the Holy Apostles, Confessors and Martyrs, and all the blessed Saints, and aided by Angels and Archangels, and all the armies of the Heavenly host. Amen.
May thy portion this day be in the new Jerusalem, the abode of peace, and thy dwelling in the heavenly Zion. Amen.

Mrs October had clutched her hands together when she saw the priest starting the prayer, and she too crossed herself, and murmured Amen with Father Riley.

Father Riley felt better having concluded the prayer, but immediately recognized that now he had to do something. He went down on one knee, some distance away from Kleingat, and started studying the outline of the corpse, the contortion of the limbs, the awful indignity of the head face-down in the dust. He was too far away to touch the body, intentionally so, and once down on one knee, he was too cumbersome to move forwards without getting up first.

What is my responsibility here, he asked himself? The dead needed prayers. But what next? With that realization, a thought flooded his mind, almost overwhelming him. This is not my problem; this is a police problem. They must fix this, they must take this corpse away, they must perform the required actions.

“Mrs October,” he croaked. She looked at him.

He tried to get back to his feet. He had to drop both hands to the earth and lever himself up, awkwardly, the more so as Mrs October simply kept watching him. When he was standing, he said to her, “We must go and phone the police right away.” He looked down at his hands, at the red dust on his palms, and felt helpless. He wanted to clean them, but here there was just the dry dust.

Mrs October did not react. Father Riley was too self-regarding to notice. Even if he were concerned, he would not have been able to read her response. She stood there, just looking at him. Father Riley went inside the rectory and phoned the police. He knew what to do. Both the church and the rectory had been burgled on a number of occasions, and the police had generally been helpful. They had warned him more than once that his house, situated right on the limits of white Grahamstown, was only separated from Fingo Village by the little dip, and he should see how easy it would be for them to run away into the Village and then they’d be gone. Father Riley said that he appreciated their concern, but really, he was not going to build a big wall, and put in heavy burglar bars, just to save the few possessions he did have, now was he? The desk sergeant who took the call said that he would send a van over as soon as he could. Hudson Street. Oh, the English church there. Yes, of course. Father Riley put the receiver down and looked up at Mrs October, who had followed him and was standing in the doorway leading to the kitchen.

“Well, Mrs October, can we have a strong cup of tea with lots of sugar, while we wait for the police to arrive.”

Mrs October nodded. She turned and went into the kitchen, and Father Riley, unable to contain himself, walked away from his front door to the gate. He stood them, his heart still thumping in his chest, and his mind whirling in its distraction. He kept glancing furtively at the bundle of waste discarded under the protection of the northeast buttress. The police would deal with this. He did not have to be involved.

* * * * *

Mrs October came outside with two mugs, and stayed with Father Riley while they drank their tea. He looked askance at her, because this was not something that she had ever done before. The police van arrived just as they finished. All three policemen were in uniform, and they walked over to where Riley and Mrs October were standing.

"Good morning. I am Sergeant Viljoen. Are you the person who reported a dead body?" Father Riley simply pointed to the church wall. The policemen walked across to it. One of the two constables bent down to study the bundle.

"Sergeant, he's dead, no doubt about it."

"Do you know him?"

"Well, yes, we believe it is the boy they called 'Kleingat'."

The sergeant bent down to look more closely, and he tried to make out the face. The head was half covered by a flap of the jacket. The corpse was stiff and unyielding. The sergeant went down on one knee and from that angle, was able to recognise the part of the face that was not obscured.

"My God. Yes. This is the little bugger."

There was a pause. All five people looked down curiously at the object on the ground. Riley had never had to deal with anything like this before. He felt unable to interpret what information the bundle revealed. The clothes were very dirty, darkened with a dusty paste, and they appeared torn in a number of places. Despite the coverings, he could see how slight the figure was, how skinny and small the arms and legs. Where skin showed, it was dirty, bruised and in places lacerated. Kleingat had been a street child, everyone all knew that, but he looked much worse than normal now. His right arm was definitely broken; the forearm appeared hinged in the middle. The constable delicately drew aside the flap of the jacket that obscured the head, and they all saw at once, the bullet entry wound in the back of his head.

The sergeant walked back to the van and called up the station. Riley tilted his head to overhear what was being said. He heard the sergeant making the initial report, and was aware that at a certain point the sergeant was transferred to another extension. There was a discussion for a few minutes, and then he came back and issued instructions.

“Leave him like he is,” the sergeant said to the constables. “We will have to get the District Surgeon to come inspect the body, and then the mortuary van can come fetch it.”

“What about looking for clues?” asked Father Riley. He knew from the thrillers he had read that in novels at least, nobody moved the corpse until the detective had studied the corpse and the area for clues.

The sergeant looked at him dispassionately. “No Meneer, there are no clues here. Look,” he said, gesturing all around. “Where’s the blood? This isn’t where the bugger died. It looks like he was beaten up somewhere else, shot in the head, and then just dropped off here. This is, you see like, like a no-man’s land.” He gestured at the small houses round about, and then across the dip up into Fingo Village.

He looked directly at Father Riley, who felt that the policeman was almost daring him to respond. Father Riley dropped his eyes.

“Didn’t you hear anything last night? I suppose you didn’t see anything yesterday here, did you? Can you confirm that this deceased was not here yesterday? This wasn’t something from Saturday’s unrest, was it?”

Riley shook his head. “No, I came past here yesterday in the morning on my way to say Mass, and I didn’t notice anything.”

“You see,” said the sergeant. “So it must have been last night. Are you sure you didn’t see or hear anything?”

Father Riley paused before answering the second time, as if to give the impression of a deeper consideration of the events of the previous night. He considered raising his hand to his chin, to give a visual clue to his thinking, but thought better of that. His questioner was after all

only a policeman. “No. Definitely.” He steeled himself to look directly into the sergeant’s eyes, and repeated his denial.

“Ja, well,” said the sergeant, and nodded to the constable. “I suppose they will send a detective around to take your statement and see what can be found. I’ll call this in to the District Surgeon and get the mortuary van to come collect. We’ll just wait here until the doc arrives. Kleingat, hey? We’ll see what happens now.” He turned and walked back to the van.

Father Riley stepped two paces back to allow the constables to pass, but seemed uncertain what to do next.

Mrs October turned to him. “Shame, Father, such a little child. Even if he was a skelm and a thief, and not polite in his language. And no family either. But when you’re dead, someone must care for you.” She took a tissue out of the cuff of her jersey and wiped her eyes.

Father Riley stood frozen by his contemplation of the corpse before him. He sometimes suspected that Kleingat had slept in the churchyard during the summer months. Probably because he would be undisturbed by the various agencies which either wanted to look after him or lock him up. Riley had usually turned a blind eye to this, although he had sometimes warned Kleingat off the premises with threats of police, or Child Welfare.

Mrs October tugged at his sleeve. “Father, Mrs Mabata. She said to me this morning that there was something wrong. It wasn’t her own children, it must have been this. You know she tried to look after him for a while. That’s what she was talking about. Father, we must tell Mrs Mabata...”

Father Riley’s heart sank. Breaking the news of death is always difficult, but this was going to be dreadful. He knew that Mrs Mabata had taken the boy in, and had really tried to give him a real home. Mrs October had told him how hurt she had been when the boy absconded. Riley feared that her reaction would be very emotional. He shrank from the task of telling her, but he knew he had to. She had done what she could, but in the end, she was too old, or just out of touch with the world that Kleingat chose to live in. When he left, she didn’t try to stop him.

"Oh, dear, yes, we must," he said. But he was unable to stir himself, even though now there was clearly nothing that could be done until the District Surgeon and the mortuary van arrived and took the corpse away. He looked across at the two policemen still standing at the gate. There was no need even to keep watch. He turned, and went into his house, with Mrs October following him.

"How do we get hold of her?" he asked.

"She works there at Mrs Newman, and we walked here this morning together. We can phone her."

With a heavy heart, he picked up the phone and dialed the Newman house. There was no reply.

"I'll have to call her later."

Mrs October nodded. "I'll see her tonight as well. I wonder why nobody is answering the phone."

Father Riley sat down at the table, quite heavily. "Well, I suppose we should have some breakfast." Mrs October busied herself with making the breakfast while Riley sat at the table, staring into space. She gave him his food, and while Father Riley was eating his scrambled eggs, there was a knock at the door, and the District Surgeon stuck his head round the open doorway.

"Oh, Hallo, Father. Just letting you know that we have loaded up the body and are going to take it off now to the mortuary for the autopsy. Oh, and the sergeant said to let you know that he is off as well."

And then suddenly it was all quiet – and apart from some scuffed grasses and a smear or two in the dust, it was as if nothing had happened. Father Riley felt that this was almost like a betrayal. The silence negated the awful encounter of the morning.

"But the detective will still come, won't he? They said a detective would come. Maybe he can find out what happened. Someone should know."

He went through into his study, and paged in a desultory fashion through the pages of his Book of Common Prayer. But his mind was not on the Prayer Book.

* * * * *

At about ten-thirty, Lieutenant Daniel Broughton of the CID knocked gently on the front door of the rectory. He had been dispatched to investigate this incident. Major Cloete, the senior CID officer had called him in to his office. Just go and take their statements, see if you can find anything useful. We might just have to leave this as unsolved – it hardly seems worthwhile to spend too much time on a little thing like this, with all this unrest in the locations. Do what has to be done, but you will have to work on your own. Viljoen said that he thought the deceased was Kleingat. You know him? Broughton had only encountered him once or twice, but knew that there were stories and rumours about this boy.

When Broughton knocked at the door, the maid answered it, and showed him into the front room.

“Please, sir, can you wait here? I will call Father Riley.”

Broughton was a sturdy grey-haired man, quite stocky, but presenting the appearance of alertness and intelligence. He was dressed in grey trousers, a white shirt with a blue tie, and a light coloured tweed jacket. His dark blue eyes moved slowly from one object to another, but seemed to take in every thing very quickly. As he studied the contents of the room, he tried to form an impression of the occupant. He turned to greet Father Riley when he entered the room.

“Good morning, Father. You are Father Riley, I understand. I am Lieutenant Broughton of the Crime Investigation Division of the Grahamstown SAP. I understand you had an unfortunate visitor this morning.” He didn’t speak at all like so many of the Eastern Cape policemen. His voice was quiet, but he spoke with deliberation.

"Yes, Lieutenant, indeed. Thank you for coming round so quickly." Broughton glanced up quickly into Riley's face to see whether he detected any irony in the priest's demeanour, but clearly that was just the way he spoke. "What do you need to do, and how can we help you?"

Broughton felt the fear in the priest's eyes, and in his general posture. He understood that the presence of police often did cause people to feel this way, but he was mildly surprised that a white priest should display it. He would need to proceed slowly and carefully to get any information from him.

"Well, Father, I need to establish whether this was the scene of the crime or whether the victim was killed elsewhere. They shouldn't have taken the deceased away until I'd seen it, but I was delayed at another case. I will need to take statements from anyone who can throw some light on what happened."

Father Riley nodded.

"Well, I understand from Sergeant Viljoen that he didn't think the killing took place here, so maybe you could show me where the deceased was found, and what it looked like to you. I also understand that your girl was also at the scene."

"Well, yes, it was she who actually first saw him. And her name is Mrs October."

Broughton nodded, accepted the veiled suggestion of a rebuke. You might expect an English priest to be sensitive. "Can we go there, please?"

Riley called Mrs October and the three of them set off through the rectory garden into the churchyard, and stopped where they had stood earlier. Their footprints were still visible, but the place where the corpse had been found was scuffed and disturbed by the footprints of the police and the District Surgeon's orderlies picking up the corpse. Riley pointed to the spot.

"Of course, he's been moved now. The policeman…."

Broughton felt a tinge of irritation, but kept it to himself.

"How was he lying? Where was the head, and how were the arms and legs pointing?" Broughton had done this many times, and he now found nothing new or challenging in these investigations of violence.

Riley sketched out from his memory, and Broughton listened impassively.

"I see some blood on the dirt here. Was there also blood on the body?"

Riley did not immediately reply. Broughton looked at him curiously. He had seen this before, in other situations. The sight of spilled blood was disconcerting. Mrs October stepped forward.

"Yes, it looked like there was blood, on the clothes, the jacket, and also from the visible sores on his arms and legs. And also on his head, where the bullet went in."

"So there was blood around the wound?"

"Not much. Just a little."

"Where exactly was the wound?"

Mrs October put her hand up to the back of her own head, showing where the wound had been. She looked directly at the detective, waiting for a response.

"Did you see whether there was an exit wound on the face?"

She shook her head. "No, we didn't see his whole face, just the one side the way he was laying."

Broughton looked steadily at her, appraising her. He recognized the strength she had. He then looked across at Riley. He responded slowly. "Well, you must understand that I have never seen anything like this, so I don't know how much a lot is, or a little."

Broughton nodded. Fair point.

"Did either of you get a good look at his hands?"

Mrs October was emphatic. "No, we didn't see the hands. Nothing. They were underneath his body and we didn't see them."

"No matter. I will get the autopsy report," Broughton muttered to himself.

"And Father, you said that you didn't hear anything during the night?"

"No, I didn't."

Broughton nodded, and seemed to lose interest in that line of questioning. He started looking from side to side, and then took a couple of paces away from the church, and looking again from side to side. He was searching in the dust for something – on both sides of where the deceased had been, and going further away from the spot.

Broughton looked at Mrs October. "Please consider carefully. When you first saw the body, did you notice any footprints leading from there," (he pointed to the gate) "to here, where it seems to have been dumped? Or even round the other side of the church?"

"No, sir, I didn't see footprints. I only saw the bundle."

Broughton nodded. He stepped away from the church a little and his eyes scanned the space in the churchyard. He was trying to establish the lines of sight from the road, from Market Street, not Hudson. He quickly saw that the church would prevent anybody in Market Street seeing anything that happened on its north side, where the corpse had been dumped.

"Tell me, Father, do you know the people who live in those houses on the other side of Market Street? I will need to talk to them as well to see if they saw or heard anything."

"No, I'm afraid I don't. None of them are parishioners, and they keep very much to themselves. I hardly have any contact with them. There is one family that has three children. But that's all I know."

"I understand you knew the deceased. Sergeant Viljoen said you called him by name."

"Well, Lieutenant, I knew of him. People used to call him Kleingat because he was so small. We never knew what his real name was. I don't even know if he had a birth certificate or anything like that. He certainly had no parents here in Grahamstown. All the time I knew him, he was living on the streets. Except when Mrs Mabata took him and tried to look after him."

"Mrs Mabata?"

"Oh, she is one of the parishioners here. You've seen the street children around, haven't you? Well, about three years ago, she tried to take him in, look after him. She gave him a space in her home, and well, mothered him a bit. He had been beaten up, apparently, and she felt sorry for him. She is a really good woman, and she tried to give the boy something which he never had."

"And..."

"Well, it didn't work, more's the pity. He lived with her for about six months. I understand that he just said that he couldn't keep on living inside."

"So he went back onto the streets. You see, Father, I need to try and find out if there is any one who had anything against the deceased. Why would anyone want to kill a young Bantu boy, even one who lived on the streets?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, if he was stealing from shops, maybe it was people from the shops who decided to, you know, try to persuade him not to steal from them? Maybe things got out of hand, and he died like that."

Broughton looked at Father Riley with his face as impassive as he could make it. He was sure that the priest was withholding information about the boy. He wondered what that information might be. He waited a bit, putting some pressure on the priest through his silence, but the priest said nothing. He tried another angle.

"Tell me, Father, do you know whether this boy had ever been in trouble with the law – loitering, or petty theft? I mean, isn't that what street children usually seem to get up to? Or do you know if he was in any way involved with the incidents over the weekend?"

Father Riley did not reply immediately. Broughton watched the priest's face twitch before he looked away from his interrogator. Then he faced the detective, and squared his shoulders.

"Well, Lieutenant, I can't say if he was in trouble with the police – I never heard anything like that – but I suppose that he might have been. I have no idea how he survived from day to

day. I have heard stories about him, but I never took them seriously. I wouldn't have said he was involved over the weekend. But who are we to judge?"

Riley lifted his shoulders in a shrug and dropped his eyes. Broughton guessed that he was not going to even contemplate going down that path.

"Well," said the detective. "I can examine the records of course."

Broughton felt troubled by the priest's attitude. He had encountered the response quite often – shrug your shoulders, turn your head away, leave it to someone else to sort out. In Broughton's eyes, a child who had to live out in the streets, even if he chose to, represented a failure of the family and the community. He felt that as a policeman he was being made responsible for sorting out other people's failures. Or the community's failures. The good people who made up the communities looked the other way while he had to get on with the dirty work. Broughton did not see himself as an agent of government policy. His role, he believed, was to be a servant to the community. He also knew that most policemen did not hold that view. Especially with the political situation in the country and here in Grahamstown, following the trouble on Saturday.

He turned to Mrs October. "Do you know if the deceased had been trouble with, well, anyone, the police, or with others who might have wanted to ... do something to him?"

"No, Sir. He was a bit of skelm and I know that lots of people shouted at him, and I know that sometimes he got beaten up a bit, because he was always quite cheeky, you know. But he was never in big trouble, never in court, never in prison."

Broughton suspected that that was the case anyway, and he accepted her judgment that he had not been in serious trouble. But this time something had gone too far. There were political issues all around now - schools were being burnt down by the very people who should be going to them, people were being stoned to death, or set alight – here in Grahamstown, even – but Broughton very much wanted this case not to be political. Over the years, he had seen service in the police becoming nothing but political. Lieutenant Broughton had been one of the rookie

constables at Sharpeville on 21 March 1960 and what he had done and seen there had changed the direction of his life. Before that day, his dominant ambition had been to be a member of the South African Police. He had dreamed of wearing the uniform, of being a part of a great cause. After Sharpeville, he had asked to be transferred to the detective branch, even though he knew how difficult selection would be. Getting into the investigative units at that time was a long and difficult process. But he had persevered, and had been selected. He had tried to steer away from the political, and instead work with everyday people trying to live their lives. He had felt that as a detective, he could still fulfill part of his dream.

Broughton tried to get the priest to open up, to share some confidences. As a priest he must have had some idea of what the boy had been up to. "Father, are there any things you could tell me which would be useful for me to discover how he was killed, and even why he was killed? This is very strange. How can a little boy be so important that he must be killed, especially a child who lives on the street? Unless he has done something? These things don't just happen by accident."

Father Riley lifted up both hands, palms upward in a helpless gesture. He shook his head slowly. "Nothing more to add, I am afraid. Maybe Mrs October," he offered, "or Mrs Mabata."

"I will get on to them," Broughton responded. "Father, I will ask you to come to the station and make a statement seeing as you were the one who reported the incident."

"Yes, of course."

"And can you bring Mrs October as well – we will need her statement also." He ticked off on his fingers. He then added, "Mrs Mabata, did you say her name was – the foster mother."

"Well, I don't know her address. She lives in Tantyi location. But she works round the corner here, and we are going to phone her. I will find out for you."

"Thank you."

Broughton left soon after this, and walked to his car, a Toyota Corolla. He sat for a few moments, making some notes in a little notebook, before returning to the Station. That priest was

hiding something, but what it was did not seem important. He clearly didn't know who killed Kleingat and was trying very hard to keep out of it.

He drove slowly up Market Street, wondering whether the perpetrators had driven down this road, or whether they had come across from Fingo Village, on foot if necessary, to abandon their cargo. Because one thing was certain. Kleingat had not been killed in the churchyard. The more Broughton thought about the situation he had seen, the less inclined he was to attempt to solve it. Just the death of a street child who had probably provoked someone just a bit too far and had been beaten up for his troubles. But why had he been shot? And why had he been taken to this place? What good could come from trying to find out who was responsible for this particular death - when there were much greater problems to be solved? What good would it do for the child, with no parents, no community, nothing but himself?

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When the policeman left, Riley was anxious. He actually did not know much about Kleingat. Whenever he'd encountered him, though, Riley had been incapable of engaging with the child. He regarded him with distaste - dirty, smelling, evasive. Out of a sense of charity, he had sometimes asked Mrs October to give the boy a sandwich, but he had always kept a distance between them. And now he was even more determined to maintain or even increase that distance. The boy alive had been manageable – he did not want the boy dead to rise up and confront him. He very much feared he was going to.

"Shall we try to phone Mrs Mabata now? Maybe she is back in the house of Mrs Newman."

"No, we should wait a bit. We've just phoned then and they weren't there."

"But Father, we must let her know. She will be very sad."

"Yes, but …." Father Riley didn't know how to go on.

They tried phoning, but again, there was no reply. Mrs October served Father Riley his lunch, but he hardly touched it. After she had tidied up, she left. She would be back again in the morning.

Father Riley did not know what to do. There was nothing that had to be done immediately, and he really did not feel like making up something to do just to keep busy. But, unless he did something, he knew that he would be increasingly harassed by his own thoughts and fears. The sight of the dead boy unsettled him, disturbed his memory. This was not the first time. It was just that he felt he was going to be drawn into the whole unfolding of Kleingat's demise, and he did not want to be there. In desperation, he put on some comfortable shoes, and did something he had not done for ages - he set out to walk all the way across town up to the university and back again, just to get away from this situation. He thought he could go to the library to see whether any of the books he had asked for from Inter-Library Loans had arrived. His current interest was a study of the first forms of Christianity in Ireland.

As he walked, he could not empty his mind of the image of the little child in the dust of the churchyard. He felt helpless in the situation, unable to comprehend the life that the child had lived, or the death he had died. As a priest, he felt useless. Nothing he had done had equipped him to deal with this situation. During his first years in South Africa as a missionary at St Bartholomew's Mission in Pondoland, he had felt similarly powerless.

His introduction to South Africa had been traumatic. He had arrived in Johannesburg just before Sharpeville. While that event still reverberated across the world, he travelled down from the Transvaal to East London by train, before taking the railway bus up to Pondoland. The crowding of this transport affected him, irritated his sense of the appropriate. At what Riley regarded as the low point of the whole journey, a white man, much for worse for drink, offered to share a roast chicken with him. He spread out on his lap the greasy paper in which the half-eaten chicken was wrapped. Riley firmly refused his offer and the half drunken host gazed in bewilderment, his head nodding and bobbing in time to the bumping of the road. On Riley's

arrival at St Bartholomew's, after alighting from the bus, he was astonished to be greeted with much excitement by a small crowd of locals. He had no idea why they were so enthusiastic. He was taken through to Father Godfrey, the priest-in-charge. Godfrey was regarded as an old Pondoland hand, having been there for well over thirty years. He spoke isiXhosa fluently, and was completely at home in the mission. He was a small man, wiry and energetic, though he looked surprisingly desiccated for his age. He laughed a great deal, and the Pondos laughed with him. Godfrey greeted him kindly, and made every effort to make him feel welcome.

Riley was given a thatched rondavel for his quarters. He had to deal with mice, cockroaches, flying insects and dust. He did not easily fit in to the life of the mission, even though his duties were not onerous. How different it all was from the drawing rooms and streets and parks of the London parish where he had previously been posted. Godfrey suggested to him that his first task was to learn isiXhosa. He tried to do so, but with little success. The structure of the language was too unfamiliar. He went with Godfrey on his regular trips through the district, but because of his lack of fluency, often found himself disoriented and alienated from what was going on around him. It took him a while to come to appreciate the beauty of the places he visited. The thickly wooded river gorges seemed impenetrable; the rolling grasslands on the hills and slopes going down to the sea were overwhelming; and the pristine coastline, the dunes and the sea were just totally unlike the English coastal places of his youth. In time, he did find some joy in his encounters with the countryside, but he never really felt at home.

The visits to the outstations were a particular trial to Riley. First, he had to learn to ride a horse. Some of the stations were without roads, and even the Mission's old Land Rover was unable to reach some of the more far-flung stations. The pattern of these visits followed a fixed routine. After long hours on horseback, Father Godfrey and he picked up the smell of thornwood fires that indicated a human settlement. Once they arrived, the horses had to be attended to before the interactions with the people started. Usually, there was a catechist in the village, and he rushed around arranging for a space to be prepared for the services. The priests went to visit

the sick and the old people. The catechist was questioned on what had been going on, and in the evening, there was an Evensong, followed the next morning by confessions and the Communion service. After this, problems were brought before the priest - usually offenses involving the seventh commandment, but also sometimes witchcraft, family feuds and quarrels, and even sometimes, disputes arising from the manufacture and selling of utywala, the local beer. Riley was able to appreciate how magnificent Father Godfrey was in this role. He knew Pondo customs and law well, and he treasured their role in shaping how people lived out their lives. He strove always to find the middle ground between traditional tribal culture and his Christian gospel, and he was loved and respected for that. Riley constantly found himself bewildered from his lack of comprehension of Godfrey's decisions.

What made things even harder was the increasing political tensions that swirled around the territory, some quite close to the mission itself. Riley found all this very difficult to adjust to, and he only made a half-hearted effort to settle. He never did learn isiXhosa. It was just too foreign and he was never able to preach in any language other than English. He had to rely on an interpreter. By the middle of 1963, Riley had had enough. He felt so disaffected by the political developments that he was unable to empathise at all with the local community. He felt almost completely ineffectual as a priest in that situation. He asked to be moved away from the mission, and take up a white parish in a town or city environment, where he would have more to offer.

There was at the same time, a shift in thinking about the place of missionary work in South Africa. The old school missionaries had built up a sense of the church in tribal areas. The emerging view was that there should be a shift from mission to parish, and that black priests should take over the role previously held by white missionaries. When Riley approached the Bishop and asked for consideration to move, he did not meet with any opposition.

Father Riley had taken a long time about his walk. Not only was he unfit and unused to walking, he dreaded the idea of coming back to the empty rectory. He said Evensong by himself, in his study, and indulged himself in the repetition and familiarity of the set service. He did not

usually have supper as a meal – his mid-day meal prepared by Mrs October was enough. In the end, he drank some wine with biscuits and cheese before reading, and then went to sleep.

* * * * *

Lieutenant Broughton settled at his desk at the Station and mapped out the steps he would be taking to deal with the Kleingat killing. He wrote a couple of pages of notes and questions. He anticipated that many of these questions would remain unanswered. What disturbed him the most was why the boy had been killed? All the other questions could be answered – how he had died, how long ago, maybe even who was responsible. But why had it been necessary for such a young person to die, to be killed? Broughton considered the likelihood of the boy's being involved in Saturday's events, but soon discarded the idea. Even if he had been there, it should not have led to his being killed in this way, or being dumped in the churchyard. He just could not see it. Mostly, Broughton did not want this death to be politically motivated because he did not have the stomach for muddying his hands in the untangling of the current political issues. He had seen too much of that already. Questions of right and wrong had, over the years, been subordinated to the need for political control. He had turned his back on this as much as he could, and continued to do so now. He then busied himself with his other cases.

Just after four o' clock, he took himself out of the office, and went home. There was nothing at this stage for which he was needed in the station, and nothing he could add either to the Kleingat business, or any of the other cases he was looking after. He drove up to his house in Southey Street and parked his car outside his gate.

His wife Elizabeth was standing at the head of the passage, dressed in a tracksuit and looking hot and sweaty.

"There's my darling wife," he said, as he always did. She smiled at him.

"Hallo yourself. You're early."

"I just had to come home to see you."

She snorted. She carried herself gracefully, even dressed as she was. "I can see right through you. What is it you want? Some tea, or something stronger?"

They settled on tea, and sat down together on the back stoep to drink it.

"Easy day today. Only one new case, a sad little one. A street child, it looks like, beaten to death, shot in the head as well, and dumped at the English church down at the bottom end of Market Street. Shame. Hard to imagine the cause of the beating. We'll have to see what we can find out." He looked across at her. He knew that she was used to hearing him talk about his work, and was grateful that she seldom probed any of the cases. "So have you been running?"

"How did you guess?" she teased him.

"Oh, the running shoes - dead give-away."

"Track-suit and sweaty face didn't give you a clue."

He grinned at her.

"Well, I'm off to shower and then I'll make supper. What are you going to do?"

"I'll be in the garage."

"Sure. See you now-now."

Daniel went off to the garage, where he kept his woodturning equipment.

The garage was not attached to the house, and it fronted onto the road. He would seldom open the garage doors, mostly to protect the equipment from the elements. His workbench was up against the back wall, and the door from his garden into the garage was on the left hand wall. He had long ago stopped using the garage for its intended purpose. All down both sides of the garage were shelves where he piled up his collection of wood − floorboards, door frames, joists, roofing timbers − all reclaimed, all crowding the walls and filling up the space. In the middle of the garage were his bench tools − a lathe, a saw, a drill press. Down the right hand side were some logs and stumps of wild cherry, olive, maple and peach wood that he had bought from farmers in the district. The cupboard containing the paints and varnishes was against the left

hand wall. Across the roof beams were more pieces of timber. Broughton knew them all, valued them all. They were the raw material for his dreams and his relaxation. He made small pieces of furniture, like coffee tables, and lamp stands, even bedside tables, each one beautifully finished and polished.

Woodturning was his escape, his refuge. Especially when he needed to get his thoughts in order. He would take a piece of wild olive, or maple, gnarled and twisted as it would be, fit it to the lathe, and set to work. He would see the 'imperfections' being smoothed down and shaped into flowing harmony. He could lose himself completely in this process, and often by the end of the session, order and sequence had been created in his thoughts as well.

He decided that today he would start on the salad bowl that he had been planning for Elizabeth. He had had in mind a large stump of wild olive, and he finally decided that it would meet his needs. He allowed his hands to move slowly over its surface, caressing it, asking for permission from the wood to cut it down into the wished-for shape. It was a conceit he indulged himself in each time – asking permission of the spirit of the wood to allow itself to be shaped and transformed. As he set the lathe in motion, he started feeling himself unwind.

Marrying Elizabeth, he often reflected, had been the best thing in his life. Before he met her, he had been nothing but a detective. His social life had revolved around his police colleagues, and had involved drinking, braaiing and boasting. Once he had married, he was able to avoid all of that. Daniel had joined a running club, full of aspirations to run the Comrades. That's where he'd met Elizabeth, who had already run the race twice. When he first met her, she had been an enthusiastic, energetic girl, game for everything. They had clicked immediately, and were married within six months. He never forgot how she looked at the wedding. They had tried to have children, unsuccessfully, and they came to accept that they would remain childless. She had long straight silver blond hair and sad eyes.

When they did get married, she accepted his work without any reserve. He did tell her about what he had to deal with, and she listened closely and supportively. He had seen over the

years how much she had changed, becoming so much quieter and more reflective now. He knew that the change in her had not been accompanied by any lessening of the love and affection they had for each other. He talked to her a lot, and she understood his need to purge himself, as well as to maintain his contact with her.

He had encouraged her when she undertook a degree in social work, and also when she had been a social worker in Natal. When they came to Grahamstown, he had suggested that she go on working if she wanted to. Instead she had become involved in the Grahamstown and District Relief Agency as a volunteer, and in some Methodist church activities.

Broughton still marvelled that she had agreed to marry him. She had been strikingly beautiful as a girl. She had such grace and harmony in her movements. This is what had so attracted him when they met. She was still graceful. Broughton was increasingly aware of how important she was to him, to his state of mind. If he did not have her, as a bedrock, a measuring post, he would be overpowered by the demands of his work. And somehow, each time he talked through with her what he faced; it was as though she gave him the permission to go on doing what he had to. Even if his role in the police had not worked out the way he had thought or hoped it would, his relationship with her continued to deepen and spread. This bowl would be a gift that she would doubly cherish. She cherished everything he gave her, and she particularly valued the creation of beautiful things which she could use daily. She didn't spend their money without being very sure that there was a definite need, but whatever she did buy, it was always something of beauty.

Broughton lay on this bed, his wife asleep next to him, breathing easily. He felt relaxed after his woodturning, and the quiet supper they had shared, but he could not sleep. He thought he should be looking for something, but he couldn't bring any focus to his search. Yet there was apprehension about this void. When he did finally drop off, it was a restless sleep.

Wednesday 23 July

Father Riley woke up later than usual, and had to rush to get showered before Mrs October arrived. As it turned out, she was also late. He had finished saying Matins, and was just sitting at his desk when she arrived. She made him tea, and waited till he had finished before starting to talk to him.

"Father, I spoke to Mrs Mabata last night. She was so sad for Kleingat. I could see she wanted to cry, but she didn't. I didn't know what to say. I just tried to ask her questions about him when he lived with her, and all the nice things he had done with her. But there were not so many, it was difficult. She said she would ask Mrs Newman if she could come to the church this morning to pray for Kleingat. I said that was a good idea. I told her that the police had the body, so she wouldn't be able to see it yet."

"Well done, then," said Father Riley. "We must be with her when she comes, and we must pray together and support her."

"Yes," said Mrs October. "We must support her."

When Mrs Mabata arrived with Mrs Newman, at about nine-thirty, the two of them went straight into the church. Mrs October heard the car pull up, and looking out of the rectory kitchen window, saw them go in. She and Father Riley then also went across to the church, and found the two women sitting together in one of the pews. They joined them, wordlessly, and sat there, allowing the quiet of the church, the residual smells of incense and polish, and the aura of sacredness to wash over them.

Then Mrs Mabata, without looking up, said, "Will Father please say some prayers for Kleingat?" While still seated, Father Riley started saying a number of prayers, some from the liturgy, some more just a meditation on loss, and death, and salvation. After a while, Mrs Mabata allowed herself to start crying, quietly, without passion – just a sense of loss, and waste. While

Riley was praying for Kleingat, he also realized that he was praying for Davy Newman's baby as well, the little child who had died at five months old of cot death – the event that had brought Davy in a roundabout way to St Jude's. He ended his prayers by widening their scope from the immediate death of Kleingat, to include all the other children who died before their parents, children whose deaths did not make any sense. He was also aware of the children who had been killed in the last couple of years in the unrest. Once his voice was silent again, the four of them sat there for some moments, alone in their thoughts. It was Mrs October who broke the spell. "Now, you must come and have some nice tea at the rectory, because I made some scones for Father and they are still fresh." Riley was quietly astonished, but realized that Mrs October's sense of what was appropriate far exceeded his own in this situation, and everyone was secretly relieved to move away from the rawness of the moment.

Father Riley and Davy helped Mrs Mabata to her feet and walked with her out of the church and across to the rectory. By the time they got there, they were composed and were ready to be made a fuss of by Mrs October.

After tea, and as they were leaving, Mrs Mabata asked Father Riley, "Father, will they let me see the little boy again before..."

"Yes, of course, I will talk to the detective and make arrangements for you to see him."

She nodded, and gave him a weak smile of gratitude.

Davy said, "Thank you Father, for all this. I know it means a lot to Mavis that you prayed with us. We'll say goodbye for now, but, Father, could I come back later on for a chat?"

"Yes, of course," said Riley. "Any time."

Davy walked Mrs Mabata back to the car, and they drove off.

When she returned, some time later, she came to the point quickly.

"What can you tell me about what happened? I have only heard what Mary told Mavis last night, which was not very much. Just that Kleingat had been killed then his body left at the church, and the police were dealing with it."

Riley looked around, a bit awkward. “Well, that’s really about it, as far as I know. The uniformed police who arrived first seemed to recognise him, and when the Sergeant phoned that news in to the Station, he seemed to get specific instructions. When the detective arrived, that Lieutenant Broughton, he seemed to ask a lot of questions and it looked like he was doing a proper job. But really, I don’t know anything more than that, and we will just have to wait to see what unfolds.”

Davy drew in a deep breath, and nodded. “I remember that lieutenant. That’s not enough to be going on with when you are trying to make sense of it.”

“Yes,” said the priest, “but then it is often difficult to make sense of any death.”

“You see, Father...” she began. “Did I ever tell you what Kleingat once told me just after Mavis took him in?” She paused and looked across at Father Riley, who shook his head. “During the time that she was looking after Kleingat, Mavis had come to our house one day and had brought Kleingat with her. He was looking quite smart, actually – clean, with respectable clothes, shoes on even. She asked if it would be all right if he could sit in the kitchen while she did the cleaning. So I said yes of course, and I sat with him and we chatted. It was the first time that he seemed ready to talk about himself. It seemed to me that Kleingat was seriously trying to give it a go, staying with Mavis, fitting in. I wanted him to talk about when he came from. In the end, it was a sad story that came out, in bits and pieces, without really being complete.

“He grew up in a place, I understand, outside Stutterheim, probably near Dimbaza, maybe even nearer to St Matthews. He never knew his mother – the woman who did look after him was already old, maybe his mother’s mother – he never knew. No idea either about his father either. He was looked after in a negligent fashion, left to get on with his own chores, but not really any love or caring other than just survival. It must have been tough.”

“Did he ever have any paper work, like birth certificates, or anything like that?”

"Not that he told me about. I tried to ask him, but he avoided answering. It almost felt that he was embarrassed not to have them, as if having them would have made him a bit more respectable than he was."

"Did he ever have a name?"

"That took a lot of probing to get from him. He said that the gogo sometimes called him Andile. When he came to Grahamstown, nobody called him that name – someone shouted at him once and called him 'Kleingat' as an insult, and then that name stuck.

"He would not say why or how he came to be in Grahamstown. He must have been about six or seven at the time. He started off with some family, but he was soon on the streets with a couple of other little children, and they mostly lived on what they could beg or steal.

"I first became aware of him during 1976. I used to walk home down High Street and then down Bathurst Street, and I started noticing that the same group of little street children was always hanging around the corner on Dundas Street. Kleingat was the most adventurous, and he started making contact, eye contact, then saying hallo. He seemed quite cheerful most of the time. Then round about September, he disappeared for about a month, and then, late in October, I walked past and saw that he was back. He had obviously been quite badly beaten up. I stopped to ask him what had happened. He was cautious, wouldn't say anything. The next day, I took Mavis with me past that corner and there he was. I stopped the car, and asked Mavis to go talk to him. We brought him here and gave him some plasters, and well, just showed him some attention. We went out and bought some clothes for him as well. Mavis was great – she didn't approve of him and certainly didn't much like the way he was living. She is a very respectable lady, is Mavis. But I will say this for her; she made the effort to look out for him. Every now and then we would try and bring him in, but he wasn't interested. Things stayed like that for about six months or so. Then, when it started getting colder round about April or May, she persuaded him to live with her. That lasted about six months and then he just took off. He couldn't take it, I guess. Since then, we have seen him around Grahamstown from time to time, but he hasn't come

round to the house again. I know that Mavis tried to see him. She didn't go out looking for him, but somehow they kept in touch. He liked her, in his own way. I sort of dropped out of the scene when I was pregnant, and then of course, after Stevie died, I was a basket case."

She paused, as she normally did when mentioning Stevie. It had been Mavis who had urged her to go with her to St Jude's, and Davy had agreed simply because she couldn't argue back. Her husband Jeremy had been willing to go as well, so over the year and a bit since then, they had come to some sort of relationship with Father Riley.

She looked up at Father Riley. "Since that time he visited us, I must admit, I haven't followed what he was doing. Mavis has some ideas, she had heard some stories, but we didn't really know what he was up to. So to hear that he was dead came as a shock to us, especially Mavis. Shame."

* * * * *

Lieutenant Broughton had spent some time rooting around in past records to see whether there was any mention of Kleingat. His inquiries with other policemen were not very helpful. While they knew who Kleingat was, they did not know much about him. They nodded when Broughton suggested petty crimes. Broughton realised that the records wouldn't really be much help because nobody seemed to have a proper name for the boy.

He phoned the District Surgeon to ask when the State Pathologist would be carrying out the autopsy. He doubted that its findings would be much help determining who had been involved in the boy's death. Broughton had to start with the basics – interview neighbours, see whether anyone could provide any sort of lead at all. He was reluctant to do this – it would be a waste of time, but he still respected procedure enough to know that he had to do it.

When he couldn't postpone it any longer, he went to his car and drove slowly down to Market Street. He parked the car just down from the Wesleyan Chapel and looked at the houses on the southern side of the road. "Oh, well," he thought to himself, "here goes."

The first house he knocked at was locked up, with curtains drawn. The garden seemed to have been cared for, but nobody was home. He moved on up to the next house, and when he knocked, the door was opened and a middle-aged white woman opened the door, leaving the chain in place.

"Ja."

" Goeie more, dame, ek is van die Speurtak van die Polisie." Broughton guessed that talking English to this woman would just prevent any co-operation, and his Afrikaans was more than good enough to this purpose. "There was an incident on Monday night in the church yard across there," and he waved at the Church, "and I wondered if you had heard anything, or saw anything. Two nights ago." He stopped and waited.

The woman took her time about answering. "My husband isn't here now." She stopped, and looked nervously at Broughton. "You must come back after work this afternoon when he comes back." Broughton sensed that she would not say anything on her own. He was just about to respond when a young boy stuck his head round his mother's hip and stared at him.

"Hallo," but the little boy did not respond – just kept staring at him.

"Well, yes, I can come back after work – would that be about five o' clock?" This was inconvenient but he intended to keep the pressure on her.

"I'll tell my husband. Good bye." And she started closing the door. Broughton stood there wondering what was behind her apprehension. Was it to do with her husband, or was there something they knew which she was not going to divulge on her own?

He tried three more houses but stopped before he reached the big house on the corner of Market and George Street. It was too far away from Hudson to be of much use. He walked back to his car, and was about to get in and drive off when he saw Father Riley coming out of the

churchyard with a young woman. He looked more closely, and recognized her – Mrs Newman. He had investigated a burglary at their house just round the corner. There had been some sort of tragedy, or loss – yes, the death of their baby. He waited at the car, and raised a hand to the two of them.

"Ah, Lieutenant, good morning to you." Father Riley and Mrs Newman walked over to the car. "Do you know Mrs Newman? I was just talking to her about the sad situation here, about Kleingat. She knew him, of course – her maid is Mrs Mabata who tried to look after Kleingat for a while."

"Yes, you said so yesterday. Hallo, Mrs Newman. How are you? We met when I was investigating a burglary, isn't that right?"

"Yes, that's right. I'm fine, thank you," she answered with a faint smile.

"I was just starting with the investigations, talking to the neighbours."

Mrs Newman's smile widened. She nodded her head, knowingly. "Good luck, then," and Broughton, having met the mother, knew why she was smiling and he smiled back.

"Yes, it looks like it might take quite a long time." He turned to Father Riley. "You mentioned the family with the three boys – is that their house?" and he pointed at the house where he had encountered the mother and her boy.

"Yes, that's them. The Nels. You'll find that the mother is a very shy woman. Very retiring."

"Yes, I did notice. What sort of people are they?"

"I can't really say. I only know them to nod to."

Davy turned to the detective. "Lieutenant, will we be able to arrange a funeral for the boy? Mrs Mabata was a foster mother for him for a while, and she wants to have the funeral here at the church. How do we go about arranging that?"

"Well, if she was the foster mother, and nobody else comes forward to claim the remains, then, yes, I suppose, they can be released after the autopsy. Normally there has to be a specific relationship."

"Can you please find out for us, and let us know?"

"Yes, I will do so."

Broughton noted wryly that the good priest was shaking his head in subconscious disapproval.

Mrs Newman spoke up. "Thank you, Lieutenant. I do hope that we can do something about Kleingat. He was a bit of a rubbish, but there were good parts of him that seldom came out. I feel so sorry for him and the others like him. Lieutenant, you know, you should go and talk to the other street kids who gather round the Library and St Patrick's Church. That's where Kleingat mostly could be found. They might know something that you could follow up on."

* * * * *

Broughton decided to follow up on what she had said. He was aware of the group of street children who congregated there – but he hadn't known that Kleingat was part of that group. Chances were, though, that as soon as they saw him coming, they would know he was police and they would just disappear. He parked his car outside the Phoenix Roller Mills, took off his tie and jacket and strolled up Hill Street towards the Library. There were three of them, huddled down, heads together, talking animatedly to each other. Broughton walked quickly up to them before they noticed him, and he squatted down opposite them.

"Molo, kwedins," he said, trying not to be too much the cop.

They looked at him, with more fear in their eyes than normal.

"Listen, you're not in any trouble. I am looking for some help from you. Will you help me?"

He waited for a response, and the kids looked at each other, nervously before one of them looked back at Broughton, wiped his nosed with his sleeve and nodded.

“I’m looking for Kleingat.” He hoped that this approach might be easier than asking them more directly. But the fright in their eyes and the way they huddled down even further made it clear.

“So you know he is dead?”

The leader nodded.

“What can you tell me? What do you know?”

And the game started. Denials, evasions, sidetracks, but eventually the story, or part of it came out.

“Kleingat was in a fight with some white children on Sunday afternoon, and we haven’t seen him since then.”

“Do you mean to tell me the white boys killed him?” Broughton asked disbelievingly.

They shook their heads.

“Someone else?”

Now the kids were too frightened to say anything and they retreated into a sullen silence. Broughton probed a bit more, and then gave up.

“I want to hear more about Kleingat, anything, so if you hear anything, I want you to find me and tell me. I will come here as well, to find you.”

The children stared at him without making any acknowledgement that they understood.

* * * * *

Broughton went back to the house in Market Street just after 5 o’ clock. He noticed the Valiant parked outside the front door. When he knocked at the door, it was Mr Nel who opened it and invited him in. Broughton was steered into the sitting room, right next to the front door. Mr Nel

called his wife to join them, which she did together with the young child that had made an appearance earlier.

"My wife says that you are investigating the death of that little Bantu."

Broughton noted that he had not said anything of the sort. It was clear that this family knew about the death.

"Yes," he said. "The priest across there reported a dead body in the church yard, and I am trying to find out whether you or anyone in your family might have seen or heard anything over the last two days."

"No, well, Monday night. As far as I know, there was anything going on then. I didn't hear anything. The dogs didn't bark." He turned to his wife. "Did you hear anything?" And she shook her head, glancing from her husband to the detective.

Then the little boy spoke up. "That Kleingat was a cheeky little kaffer, hey?"

Both father and mother reacted strongly. "You don't say such things," said the father, and "Don't speak evil of the dead," the mother.

The boy hadn't expected that reaction, and he tried to defend himself.

"But Hannes said that, not me."

There was a silence.

"Who is Hannes? " Broughton asked quietly.

The father replied. "He is my oldest child."

"And where is he now? I would like to ask him about that."

The mother replied, "He should be coming home soon. He was out with his friends this afternoon."

Broughton prepared to wait it out. If Kleingat had been in a fight, as the street children had said, this might just be a lead. This family puzzled him, but from what the little boy had said, there must have been something that prompted that sort of statement. He shifted in his chair, and

was about to start talking to fill up time, when they heard the gate and then the front door opening.

"Hannes, is that you?" The father's voice was stern. Hannes turned into the front room. He started when he saw the visitor, but after dropping his eyes to the floor, lifted his face up to Broughton and looked him fully in his eyes. Broughton knew what the boy was feeling. He too, at the same age, had had to face a policeman asking questions.

The father carried on, even though it was Broughton who wanted to ask the questions.

"Hannes, this man is from the CID. He wants to ask you questions. Now you listen. I want you to tell him the truth. Do you hear me?"

Broughton nodded at the father, appreciating that he had been given the authority to go ahead.

"Hallo, Hannes, my name is Lieutenant Broughton of the CID. I want you to answer my questions carefully, please. First, did you hear anything happening at the church on Sunday or Monday night?"

He looked quickly at his mother, but then turned back to Broughton.

"No, sir, nothing. I was here at suppertime and afterwards and I heard nothing."

"That was Sunday, then?"

The boy nodded.

"And before supper?"

There was an appreciable pause before he answered.

"No, I was out with friends during the afternoon. I wasn't here."

"Do you know a little black child called Kleingat?"

A definite reaction, Broughton thought, and he paused for a response. When none came, he asked the question again.

"Well, I know who he is. He's not my friend, you know."

"No, I know that. Why do you call him 'cheeky'?"

Hannes shot a glance at his little brother and pointed a finger at him. He didn't answer, and then his father said, "Hannes, you must answer the policeman. Why do you call him cheeky?"

It burst out of him. "Because he is cheeky, to me and my friends. He calls us 'mlungu'. You know that means the scum that floats to the top of the waves. He's not right to say that to us."

Broughton said quietly, "Hannes, have you ever hit Kleingat for being 'cheeky' to you? Or thrown things at him?"

Hannes did not answer immediately. The expression on his face told everyone that he was trying to work out how to answer. Broughton allowed this to go on.

"Me and my friends did get into a fight with him Sunday afternoon. He was hanging around, as if he was looking out for us, and so Japie shouted at him and told him to voetsak. He moved off a bit, but still kept looking at us. Japie picked up a stone and threw it at him, but it missed by miles. Kleingat then shouted back something like, 'You mlungus can't throw stones. You shit.'"

"And then what happened?"

"Well, we chased him, and caught up with him when he tripped."

"How many of you?"

"Just the three of us, me, Japie and Kobus."

"Did you hit him?"

"Well, yes, we did hit him. Kobus kicked him also. He got up and started fighting back, hitting, scratching – you know how small he is. Well, Japie connected him with a good klap on the side of his head and he fell down. We stopped then but he stood up and ran away. I swear he ran away. He wasn't dead or anything like that. He ran away down Hill Street. You can ask Japie."

"Yes, I will," said Broughton. "Tell me, Hannes, how much do you know about Kleingat, what he did, where he lived?"

"No, I don't know anything about him except that he is always around on the streets, looking to see what is going on. He looks to see where he can steal things. He's always dirty. And he stinks."

"Yes, Hannes, he doesn't have a home to go to – he lives on the streets." Broughton corrected himself. "Sorry, he lived on the street."

"Ja, well....." and then the boy lapsed into silence. "But it wasn't us who killed him."

"Yes, Hannes,' said Broughton. "I know that. But you need to reflect a bit more about what you did to him."

The boy looked nervously at his father, who had sat quietly throughout the questions. He nodded, in agreement with Broughton. The tension in the room started ebbing. Broughton left.

* * * * *

Broughton's hand trembled when he opened his car door. He climbed in and closed his eyes, willing his breathing and pulse to settle.

When Daniel Broughton was eleven, his father died in a motor accident. Daniel and his mother moved to De Aar to board with her mother in the house on Celliers Street. He hated having to go to school in De Aar, where he felt out of place because he could hardly speak Afrikaans. He tried to make friends, but he quickly came to feel that he was making too many concessions just to fit in. When two of his classmates, Victor Stein and Martin Hermans, started including him in their activities, he was often uncomfortable, but went along with them anyway.

Across the road from Daniel's grandmother's house lived a policeman, Sergeant Bekker. He had a large and noisy family. Daniel was completely overawed by Lizette, the sixteen-year-old daughter. She became for him an image of a kind of perfection. An ideal. He didn't have the courage even to wave to her as she went off to school each morning, let alone talk to her. She was tall, with sad eyes and straight silver-grey hair that she always wore in a ponytail. She was

in the athletics team at school, and often ran home in the afternoons. He hung around in the garden, late afternoons, hoping to catch sight of her. When Sergeant Bekker walked home in the evenings, he would give Daniel a smile and a wave, but Daniel hardly ever responded.

One evening, Victor and Martin had come over to Daniel's house, with a Gecado pellet gun. They walked around the streets for a while, every now and then shooting a pellet into the trees, pretending they were shooting birds. They did see a flock of pigeons flying home, and Victor let fly with a couple of quick shots. They kept walking. When they arrived back to Daniel's home, Sergeant Bekker was waiting for them. He was still in uniform, which was intimidating for Daniel, although it did not seem to worry the others.

"Let me see that pellet gun," said the sergeant, and held out a hand. Victor was reluctant to hand it over, but the sergeant stepped forward and took it. "Nice piece," he said, and leaned it against the fence. "So, little men, have you been shooting pellets around here? Did you hit any birds?" He didn't smile, but his tone was not threatening. Nobody answered. Daniel twisted his hands behind his back, wanting to answer, but knowing enough of the boys' code not to split on the others.

"Well, sons, what is your answer?" Just downcast eyes and shuffling feet.

"Well, I have been told that there is a gang of three young men roaming round shooting birds. That would be you, I am sure. Mr Marberg phoned me to say that you had been shooting at his pigeons and you should know that he is very upset. Was that you? Victor, I know your father and I will talk to him; Martin, you too." He looked at Daniel. "And you, little man. I know you live here but I haven't met you. What's your name?"

"Daniel, sir, Daniel Broughton."

"You are Mrs Cilliers' grandson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Son, I am sorry about your father. Not easy to grow up without a father."

Daniel had to fight to control the tears. It had never occurred to him that a policeman in uniform could be, well, kind. He didn't expect it; he was expecting the worst. He looked down. He knew about the code, but he also knew about honesty. His father had always said that honesty was the best policy. He looked up at the sergeant.

"Sir, it was me. I was shooting." The others did not look at him, but they kept very quiet. Daniel felt the sergeant looking at him weighing him up. He turned to the others.

"Did you also shoot at the pigeons?"

They shook their heads.

Bekker reached down and took the pellet gun in his hands. "Whose gun is this? Who do I return it to?" He looked at Victor and Martin. Finally Victor said, his voice cracking inside his dry mouth, "It's my father's, Sergeant."

"Well, I will see that he gets it. Now you go home and don't be so bloody stupid to shoot a pellet gun in the street. Do you hear me?" and he chased them away. He watched them run off, and then turned to Daniel. "You and me must have a talk, not so?"

Daniel nodded.

"So, come, walk with me and we can talk." The two of them walked up and down Celliers street, down De Villiers, across Grundlingh, and Sergeant Bekker hardly mentioned the shooting. He chatted, much as a father would talk to his son, and Daniel cried because he could not summon up his own father any more, his voice, his smell, his smile.

When they returned to Mrs Cilliers' house, Sergeant Bekker knocked on the door and Daniel feared that his part in the shooting would be revealed. But the Sergeant simply wanted to invite Daniel to come over to his house the next night to meet some of his children's friends.

Over the next year and a half, Daniel almost became a part of the Bekker family. Mrs Bekker, a large boisterous woman, was determined to feed him up, and her demonstrative nature nurtured Daniel far more than his own mother could, she who was falling apart without the support of her husband.

When Daniel went to boarding school at age thirteen, it was Sergeant Bekker and his family who took him to the station and saw him onto the train. It was a quiet moment, when Bekker reached up to shake Daniel's hand. Without having planned to say anything, Daniel said his goodbye.

"Once I get finished at school, I will wear the uniform too. And look after other people, like you have done."

Daniel never saw Sergeant Bekker again. Shortly after he left for boarding school, his mother died, and Daniel's aunt became his guardian. She lived in Pietersburg in the northern Transvaal.

Thursday 24 July

Broughton went to the mortuary to attend the autopsy. He watched the procedures from a distance, and when it was over, he asked the pathologist to give him an outline of what had been established.

“Well, there are some interesting features in this case. Nobody seems to know anything about this boy, even his name. It was difficult to establish his age as well, but I would say that from the skeleton and teeth, the victim was just at the beginning of puberty, anything from 11 to 14 years old. But he was very small for that age, and there might be several reasons for that. The boy appeared to have been consistently malnourished, and given some of the features, the size of his eyes and his upper lip, might have suffered from foetal alcohol syndrome. Injuries included massive contusions to the chest, arms and head, during what must have been a vicious beating. Considerable force was applied. Both the right tibia and fibula were broken, as if the victim had thrown his arm up to ward off a blow from some instrument like a stick, or a kierie. There were some smaller injuries as well. The bullet wound to the head was most probably the cause of death, but from the severity of the other injuries, he would have died anyway. The bullet went in and out, so I can only guess the calibre, but it was big enough to be at least 9mm.”

“Was he still alive when he was shot?”

“It seems so. There was some blood around the wound. If he had been alive, his heart still beating, there would have been a lot of blood. If already dead, there would have been no blood.”

“OK. Would I be able to tell whether the deceased was shot where it was found from the quantity of blood at the site?”

“Difficult to say; it depends on a number of factors.”

“But if the shooting did take place where the deceased was found, there would have been some blood.”

“Yes. Why are you asking?”

“Trying to establish whether the deceased was killed where he was found, or whether it was dumped.”

* * * * *

Broughton went back to his office, mulling over what he had learned. His initial conclusion, more intuitive than based on evidence, was that the beating had been brought about by Kleingat’s having stepped over the limit in one or other of his regular activities - theft or shoplifting - and that retribution had gone too far. The shooting, though, puzzled him. He knew that many of the shopkeepers possessed pistols, but why would they have used a pistol after all the other damage? Maybe to ensure that the boy was dead and would not be able to identify them. As he thought this over, he began to sense a welling up of distress, of irritation. This was going to become more complicated. He started making notes. Why had the corpse been dumped where it had been? Was there any link at all with the church? He thought this totally unlikely. It had probably been placed there because that space was completely unconnected in any way to the death. And why the gunshot? And where had the boy been shot - where he was beaten up, or at the churchyard? Why? He started feeling an emotion stir within his professional mind, a sense that something had tilted out of alignment. This was maybe a lot more than just the death of a homeless vagrant. On top of his sense of disgruntlement, he was aware deep within himself of a tiny flaring of anger.

He gathered himself together and went back to the church. He left the car, and walked slowly over to the rectory, and knocked. Mrs October came to the door and let him in. Father Riley received him in his study.

“Good morning, Lieutenant. Good to see you – what brings you here today?”

Broughton had already decided not to divulge anything yet, so he went straight to the point.

"Morning. I wonder if I could have another look at where the deceased was discovered day before yesterday."

The priest indicated with a gesture that he was welcome to go and look. More out of curiosity than anything else, he walked with Broughton.

"Father, I don't want to take up your time. I am sure I will be able to find the spot and have a look round." He stopped walking, to ensure that the message had been understood. Not too disappointed, Riley nodded and turned back.

He knew exactly where the spot was, but not the exact position of Kleingat's head. He approached from the side, and went down on his hands and knees as he approached it. He then systematically scanned the area where the head should have been. There wasn't much grass around that place, and soon he saw the discolouration and faint signs of binding of the dust. And then he saw an indentation in the ground. He moved in as close as he could and examined it. Reaching into his jacket pocket, he pulled out a long screwdriver that he had brought with him, and nudged the shaft into the indentation with delicate pressure. The ground gave way easily, indicating that something had disturbed it. He kept pushing down until he felt a slight bump, as the point of the screwdriver hit something solid and hard. He wiggled the screwdriver around until he was certain that the obstruction was something small and movable. He withdrew the screwdriver, and with his hands, dug the soil away to be able to retrieve the object. He already knew what he was going to find. It didn't take long for him to locate and recognise it as a deformed 9mm slug. He carefully placed the bullet in the little evidence bag for processing later on. It would be sent off to ballistics, and that would take a couple of weeks. He wondered half-heartedly whether or not to proceed on this. Nobody else was aware of this development, and going through the right procedures would drag this case out. And he just wanted it over. He looked around for the cartridge, but couldn't see anything.

He was even more puzzled after this discovery. Why was nobody he had spoken to willing to acknowledge having heard a pistol being discharged here? Were they too frightened, or had the killer used a silenced pistol?

Broughton then replaced all the dust that he had disturbed, and tried to return the site to the way it had looked before he started. When he was satisfied that nobody would be able to identify what had taken place, he went back to the house, and let Father Riley know that he had finished. Mrs October was still standing there, waiting to hear what the detective had to say, and the priest didn't mind.

"Well, Lieutenant, did you find anything? Anything that would be helpful?"

Broughton lied, "No, I just wanted to check some things. The death certificate has been signed, and the corpse is now in the mortuary. Mrs Newman asked about having a funeral here, on the basis that Mrs Mabata was a foster mother. You and she will have to go and ask for the body. If you decide not to do that, I suppose that there will be a pauper's funeral for him."

Mrs October spoke. "Thank you, Lieutenant. I will tell Mrs Mabata – she wanted to see the little boy before he was buried so that she could say goodbye."

* * * * *

Father Riley's face gave nothing away, but inside, his stomach churned. Kleingat was not his responsibility, and he wasn't even a parishioner, let alone any sort of Christian. Let him have the pauper's funeral, and let the whole matter be dealt with by the state, as their responsibility required. When Father Riley showed no intention of phoning Davy Newman about Kleingat, Mrs October gathered herself together and approached him.

"Father, when are you going to phone Mrs Newman so that you can tell Mrs Mabata about going to see Kleingat?"

"Don't you worry, Mrs October," he answered. "I will get round to doing it."

"Can't you do it right away? Mrs Mabata was very worried for the boy."

Father Riley looked up, a bit taken aback by her insistence.

"Don't worry. I'll do it."

He looked at her for a moment, and then dropped his eyes, unable to hold her gaze for more than that.

"Can I then phone Mrs Mabata, Father?"

For a moment, Riley debated whether to take back the initiative in this, but decided against it.

"Well, if you believe it that important to do it now, then please do go ahead."

He turned his attention back to the papers he was reading. He did not see Mrs October shaking her head. He did have some idea of how important it was for Mrs Mabata to see the dead body, and to have the right ceremonies of burial performed, but he did not want to assume responsibility for this. He heard her go to the phone.

"Hallo, Mrs Newman. Is Mrs Mabata there?"

He couldn't hear what the response was.

"Yes, Mrs Newman. Father says that the corpse is in the mortuary, and we are allowed to go and see it."

There was a pause, and then Mrs October carried on.

"Hallo, Mrs Mabata. The policeman was here and he told Father that we can go and see Kleingat's body at the mortuary."

Riley heard the distressed tones of Mrs Mabata, and then Mrs October said,

"Yes, of course I will come with you," said Mrs October, and then she listened for a while before replaced the receiver on its cradle. She turned to Father Riley. "Father, Mrs Newman says that she would drive us up to the mortuary. She will come past the Rectory just now and we can go with her. Will you also come with us?"

Father Riley declined. Mrs October put her hands on her hips. “Why does Father not want to come and see Kleingat?”

Father Riley just shook his head. “This is a police matter. They will sort it out, and it is not necessary to see the remains to say goodbye to Kleingat.” Whom he hardly knew anyway.

He heard the doorbell, and then voices, but he stayed in his study, and heard Mrs October leave. The house was very quiet. Father Riley felt awkward, conscious of his failing to show anything like priestly compassion. But fear prevented him. The silence dragged on. He imagined them getting to the mortuary, and in his mind’s eye he tried to picture Mrs Mabata saying farewell. He felt helpless. He could not even summon up appropriate prayers.

When Mrs October and Mrs Mabata returned, he welcomed them in the living room. “Well, I hope that that went well,” he said. “How are you feeling?”

For once, Mrs Mabata came straight to the point, speaking from her heart. “Father, I know that Kleingat was not one of the parish members here, and he probably never went to church anywhere else, and even if he was a skelm and maybe even a thief - but Father, please Father, will you make a funeral for him here, so that he can be properly buried?”

Riley tried very hard not to let his true feelings show, while he tried gently to demur. “Well, Mrs Mabata, he is as you say not one of the parish members, and I need to follow the Diocesan guidelines about making our church available to just anyone. There has to be some connection, don’t you see.” And even as he was saying this, he knew how hollow it sounded, because there was a very tangible connection, standing right there in front of him. But he really didn’t want to do it.

“Father, I know he is not my son, but for a time, I looked on him as if he were my son. It is because of that that I am asking. He has nobody else to make sure that he is buried properly, except me, and I must do it. For his sake.”

“Mrs Mabata, why are you making yourself responsible for him? Was there any connection between you, or family?”

Mrs Mabata did not know exactly how to put this. “Father, he is not from my family. But I believed that when we found him, it was as if God had sent this boy for me to look after. That’s all it was.”

Riley didn’t know how to go on. He knew what a cowardly thing he was doing – it went right against all his training and experience as a priest. But still he was frightened to get involved, to acknowledge that he too was a part of the failure that Kleingat represented, the failure of the state and of society. He knew he could not argue against Mrs Mabata, and from the looks that Mrs October was sending him, he knew that she too would be putting the pressure on him as well. So he prevaricated.

“Mrs Mabata, I must stick with my decision, but I will talk to the Bishop about it and see what he says.”

Mrs Mabata lifted her hands in a gesture of resignation, and Mrs October showed her out. When she returned, she couldn’t restrain herself.

“Father, you must bury the boy properly. You must do this for the boy because he needs to be treated right at this time. He needs some respect now because he never had it when he was alive. You must also do it proper for Mrs Mabata because she is a true Christian lady and this is what she expects.”

All Riley could say was, “I told her I will take it up with the Bishop, and I will do that. You have my word on that.”

“Yes, but when?”

* * * * *

When Davy Newman got home after taking Mrs Mabata back to her home in Tantyi, she felt unsettled. She did not understand why Father Riley was so reluctant to carry out the funeral, but she was determined to do something to ensure that it happened. The only person she knew who

might be able to give her solid advice was ironically not even Anglican – he was a Roman Catholic priest. She had met Father Kefilwe Nyako through her husband, Jeremy, from the time he had lived in Kimberley. Father Nyako had since moved to Grahamstown, attached to the Catholic churches and the university. She phoned Father Nyako and asked if she could come and talk to him. As always, he made time for her, and agreed to come past their house in George Street when he had finished at the university for the day. He arrived at almost the same time as Jeremy, and they spent some time catching up with each other.

Eventually, Father Nyako asked Davy if she could explain what it was that was troubling her. Davy took him through the whole sequence of events since Tuesday morning, dwelling on Mrs Mabata's concerns about the funeral.

Father Nyako listened sympathetically, helping her by little interjections and repetitions, and revealing some of his reactions as she went through her story. When she was finished, he leaned back in his chair and seemed distracted.

"I have met Father Riley a couple of times, and I have heard quite a lot of his background when he was in Kimberley. I should go and talk to him. I hope he will receive me as a brother in Christ, rather than an interfering busybody. I will see whether I can get him to understand how important it is for Kleingat and for Mrs Mabata that he be buried properly." He chuckled quietly. "Have you ever seen how often he washes his hands? He always seems to be doing it. And that handkerchief thing he does, wiping down his mouth, and then quickly over his forehead."

He turned serious. "But I cannot do this in a round-about way. I don't know him well enough just to drop round, and ask him how his funerals are going – I will need to say that I come because of your concerns. May I do that? May I use your intercession as part of my approach?" He looked across at Davy and Jeremy. They looked briefly at each other and without talking about it, nodded their heads in complete support for Father Nyako.

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Father Riley opened the door following the knock, and was visibly surprised to see Father Nyako.

"Hallo, Father Riley, I wonder if I could have a chat with you now, please." Nyako was polite and direct, leaving Riley with little option but to agree.

"Do come in. Can I offer you something to drink – some wine perhaps?"

"That would be good. Thank you."

Once they were both seated, Father Riley looked across at his visitor with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension on his face. He took out a handkerchief, but then quickly pocketed it.

"Father, I am visiting you as a priest, yes, a Roman Catholic priest, but still someone who takes very seriously his vocation as one committed to saving souls where this is possible." Riley listened without reacting – even though in his mind he was asking how much this had to do with Kleingat.

"The soul I am interested in saving, Father, is yours. Not the little boy Kleingat, although he too needs salvation, but you, the priest, God's minister."

There was a stunned silence from Riley. His heart was filled with a dread that he knew he could not escape. He had known all along what he had to do. That was to bury the boy with all Christian rites, and to speed his way to Heaven. But he quailed at how this would expose him. It was not his business, it was a police matter, it was a matter for the black priests.

Father Nyako smiled at Father Riley. "You must be wondering why I am here, talking to you like this. Well, your friends Davy and Jeremy Newman asked me to come and talk to you. They want the right thing for Kleingat, such as giving him a proper Christian burial. I said I would be happy to talk to you this because I agree with them. You have the opportunity now, Father, of giving the little boy a chance, the chance he never had in his life, of being accepted, or being brought into the family of God. You must not be afraid. It doesn't matter what people think – there will be many who will rejoice if Kleingat is given the chance in death to overcome

the stumbling blocks he had in life. You knew him, did you not? You must know some of the circumstances surrounding the life he led. Tell me more about Kleingat."

Riley felt himself being dragged into the crevice that loomed in front of him. He did not want to talk about the boy, but he knew he couldn't avoid it now. It would become harder and harder for him to go on refusing if he did start talking.

"Well, there's not really much to go on..."

"Did he ever come to this church? I believe he lived with Mrs Mabata for some months."

Yes, of course the boy had come to church with Mrs Mabata, dressed respectably and sitting quietly with her throughout the services. His eyes had kept darting all over the place, especially during the sermons, where Father Riley could see him. And then when he had run away from Mrs Mabata, she came to talk to him about her feelings of failing him. He had counselled her that God's plan worked in strange ways. And here, he reflected, is the plan working out, placing the dead boy's corpse right here in the churchyard.

Father Riley looked up, aware that Nyako was studying his face, and he guessed that the turmoil he was feeling must have been apparent to the other priest. He sensed that Nyako had discerned the way his thoughts were tending.

"You see, Father, there are reasons why we must bury the boy properly, and not just allow the police to dispose of the body in a pauper's grave."

Riley knew that he would not now refuse to conduct a burial service for Kleingat from the Church of St Jude. Father Nyako said nothing, and Riley was grateful that Nyako was not going to embarrass him by forcing him to say the words.

* * * * *

Nearly everything in him rebelled at the thought of becoming involved in this funeral. It would require too much commitment, too much engagement with matters and issues that he shied away

from. But there was a part of him, the priestly part, which he could not ignore. He had to be taking the lead in the sequence of events leading up to a funeral for Kleingat.

After supper, he broke his normal routine and took a glass of wine into his study and sat down at his desk. Where did one find the strength to face up to one's own private dreads? How could one find the peace of mind to know the right thing to do? There were certain practices - reflection, meditation, reading and prayer - but could they be used here? He got up and paced around in frustration.

The only consolation was that the decision had, as it were, been taken away from him. Father Nyako's visit had confronted him with the certainty that there was no way for him to avoid going through with the funeral. So instead of wondering whether, he now had to deal with how. He needed most of all to make the funeral meaningful for the few people who would bother to come. It would not be his parishioners – they had not known Kleingat in any sense other than a street child that Mrs Mabata had sometimes brought to church. He had to make some connection with Kleingat himself so that he could say what needed to be said; comforting to Mrs Mabata, and appropriate within the context of Christian burial. When he stood up to deliver the homily, he would need a calm heart and a clear mind. Father Nyako was right – this was just as much about him as it was about Kleingat.

He took out a record from his collection, and placed it on the turntable. He had a small selection of classical music, as well as some sacred music, but for this exercise, he chose a selection of Bach cantatas. He let the music and the voices divert him from the present, reminding him that he was a small part of a centuries old process.

Funerals are a part of the life and duties of a priest, and he had conducted many over the years. Yes, each one remained a particular event. Many of them had involved great anxiety in the preparation and the conducting of the service. Some had seen stoical mourners grieving quietly; others had produced much more vocal outpourings of grief, keenings, wailing, tears. In each case, at the moment in the service when he came forward, he was offered some quiet strength, or

presence, which allowed him to conduct himself and the service with decorum. He had not often reflected on that strength, or where it came from. He had assumed it was just part of his role as the shepherd of the flock, the carer of souls. He had accepted it unquestioningly. With that realization came, for the first time in this crisis, some clarity of what was really causing the reluctance that had so distressed Mrs Mabata and Mrs October. It was fear of being forced into admitting to himself the shallowness of his own faith. Or even his lack of faith. On the surface, he could go through the priestly motions; he could be convincing and reassuring to his parishioners. Of late, he had become increasingly suspicious that his capacity to approach God openly and trustingly was giving way to a recitation of set ceremonies, routines, practices – all of which he could steer through with aplomb.

One evening, many years ago, as Father Godfrey and he sat outside the priests' hut in one of the outstations, the old man had started a long rambling story about a dispute he had dealt with years before. On the surface, it was a simple enough story of mistrust, a family quarrel between two brothers, abusive arguments and ultimately the breakdown of the family. Father Godfrey had been drawn into the squabble, and he had advised the brothers to go their separate ways - that the breakdown was not likely to be healed, and it would be better for both parties to make a fresh start. He went on to say that after the dust had settled, he had had doubts about whether his advice had been correct. He then said something that Riley had never forgotten. If it were not for the love of God, said Godfrey, the all-embracing, all-forgiving, all-empowering love of God, he would never have been able to continue this work of priesthood. Whatever strength, whatever capacity he had, came simply from his belief that he was loved by God. Riley had never felt like that.

Mrs Mabata had something of that capacity about her. She accepted the place of God in her life without question. She did what she did out of love. While she enjoyed the High Church practices that Riley employed, these were not at the heart of her faith. Riley knew that even if he followed the ritual of the funeral service, that would not be enough. He couldn't proceed as if

Kleingat had been a good person, even a Christian person. His own view of Kleingat differed from Mrs Mabata's more forgiving and loving acceptance. How would he find the words to communicate this difference in such a way that Mrs Mabata would feel reconciled with the death of the boy, and yet at the same time, not make a mockery of the liturgy or the truth? He feared that he would fall short in the eyes of the people most closely affected by Kleingat's death, and he didn't want their good opinion of him to be sullied, not least by an event so out of his control.

The fear of being inadequate, even of seeming inadequate, both within himself as a person but more importantly as a vehicle of God's purposes, overwhelmed him. At this point, Father Riley stood up again from his chair and started pacing the room, distressed at his realization. Impulsively for him, he took his set of keys and made his way outside, through the churchyard to the church itself. He opened the door, and switched on the sanctuary lights, and walked up the aisle to the communion rail, where he knelt down and closed his eyes to pray. He waited for the words to emerge in his mind; he waited for the attitude of prayer to assist his understanding; but his mind and heart remained empty. And rehearsing the words from the Prayer Book for once did not provoke within him any feelings of liberation, of being freed from his fear. Once he realised this, he stopped trying. He stayed kneeling, with his hands closed in prayer, his heart vacant. After about an hour, he stood up slowly, and stretched his legs and back, stiff after his vigil. He locked up the church, walked back to the rectory, and went to bed.

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Across town, Broughton set to work on the salad bowl he was planning to make. He had chosen the piece of wood for what he had planned. He wanted the grain to be angled across the sides. The block he had before him was perfect – moist enough not to split; dry enough not to warp; solid enough not to have flaws in the finished object. Broughton allowed his mind to peer in and around the wood, to imagine how the grain flowed, and how the design could be brought out in

the turning. This was a routine he had grown into. He also knew that the hours he spent in this pursuit would wipe his mind clean of all aspects of his daily work.

During the meal, Broughton had felt the need to explain a little about the case to Elizabeth so that she would understand why he was not himself. When they were finished, he thanked her as he always did, and said that he would like to spend an hour or so in the workshop. She had understood, and had sent him on his way. She knew that he would come back in a much more peaceful state of mind.

Broughton spent a while turning the piece of wood over in his hands, end over end, side to side, looking for the best position to attach it to the lathe. He loved this part of the process. He knew that the possibilities were endless, until the moment he screwed the block onto the fitting, and started watching how the wood turned. From that moment onwards, he was oblivious of the outside world, of time and temperature, even the tiredness of his own hands. It would usually take outside intervention to disrupt his focus, and then he would surrender easily and feeling emptied out, and cleansed, would go to bed.

On this night, after ninety minutes, Elizabeth came out to the workshop with two cups of hot chocolate. Delicately she prised him away from his tools, and together they sat on the stoep in quiet companionship.

Friday 25 July

When Broughton arrived at the police station in New Street, he sorted out his desk quickly, and then scouted around to find a couple of the black constables whom he had worked with previously, Constables Majoli and Piteni. They usually worked together, and their contrasting temperaments and styles complemented each other. Majoli was plump, cheerful and eager to please. He smiled a lot, and much preferred to take orders than to work his way through a problem. Piteni on the other hand was a thinker. He was lean rather than skinny, and he had an aura of silence about him. Broughton found them waiting in the quad at the back of the station – as yet they had not been assigned duties for the morning, so he asked them to join him in one of the interrogation rooms.

"You know that I have been given the job of finding out about this little skelm called Kleingat."

"Yes, Sir, we did hear that," said Majoli, always the more eager to please, the more willing to engage with situations. Piteni was perhaps more astute, and his answers would be more pertinent, Broughton thought.

"So, did you hear of anything which might have led to this? So far, only one family, the Nels, in Market Street, had anything to say about him. I must still ask more questions in a wider radius. Nobody seems to have seen or heard anything. The oldest Nel boy said something about him and his friends having a fight with Kleingat on Sunday afternoon. Did you know anything about that?"

Neither responded for a couple of moments and then Majoli turned to Piteni.

Piteni leaned forward. "No, I didn't know about that event on Sunday. It could be very likely the truth, because Kleingat was often quite cheeky."

“Do we know what was the cause of death?” asked Majoli. He looked concerned, which was understandable because he was a family man.

Broughton chose not to mention the bullet wound.

“Well, firstly, he was badly beaten up. Any one of a number of wounds he suffered might have killed him. He was only a little chap, after all. The lack of any evidence at the church suggests that he was beaten up somewhere else, and then dumped there.”

“Ai, it is a bad thing for such a little boy to be in such trouble,” said Majoli. He had three children, two of whom were at school, and it had been a difficult year, with the school boycotts and the intimidation. Not that those affected Kleingat directly. Majoli’s children would have had nothing to be with Kleingat.

Piteni asked, “Did the doctor say whether any of the wounds could have been caused by a fight between Kleingat and those white boys? Or were they bigger?”

“Good question. The report said that there were some superficial wounds, abrasions and scratches, but the real damage was caused by heavy objects, like sticks, or rocks, and the wounds were big. So, no, the fight with the white boys was not the cause of death.”

Broughton paused. Why was he not willing to mention the bullet wound? The Pathologist’s report listed that as the primary cause of death. He realised that there was nothing to be gained by keeping silent about it.

“I didn’t finish what I was saying about cause of death. There was also a bullet wound to the head. In and out. Can’t say what calibre. But that was the cause of death.”

Majoli had his hand up over the mouth, and his eyes were wide open. Piteni had his gaze fixed on Broughton’s face. There was a silence for a while. The two black policemen were not going to take any initiative here, Broughton realised, so he composed the next question carefully.

“Was there anything Kleingat had been doing which could have made things dangerous for him at this time, that you can recall?” He looked down at his hands, while giving time for any response to come.

Piteni spoke first. “Kleingat was a strange little boy. I have seen him around the town for a number of years now. I don’t know how he lives, but he seems always to be busy. I suspect he was part of that gang which did all those house break-ins in West Hill, above the University, off the Cradock Road. His job was to get in through the open windows, even the small windows in the toilets at the back of the house. Then he opened the door for the others to come in. Perhaps he never stayed for that part – maybe that is why he was never caught. It is also possible that he kept the look-out and let the gang know when the people in the house had gone out. But that was three years ago. I haven’t seen him around much this year at all.”

Broughton asked gently, “Might he still have been involved in something like that – housebreaking, or theft, and maybe he knew too much? Could that have been the cause for him being beaten up?

There was no reaction from the constables.

“Might he have been involved in the school boycotts, and the unrest these last few weeks?”

Majoli seemed taken aback by this. “No, no, no. He did not go to school. If he was around after the funeral on Saturday, well, anything could have happened then.” He didn’t seem to know how to go on.

“I agree that if he was part of the riots, we would not know about that. And he is such a small boy that he wouldn’t have done much. But maybe he knew stuff, had knowledge of what was happening, or was about to happen.”

Broughton had not expected much of a reaction to this thought, but it had a sudden and decisive effect on both of the constables. They said nothing, but Piteni looked directly at Broughton, and just shook his head gently. Majoli looked flustered, and he dropped his head and fiddled with this uniform.

Broughton had not anticipated such a reaction. It spoke volumes, but at present, they were closed volumes. Broughton stopped the questioning and thanked the two men for their help. He watched them leave, trying to read their body language. Majoli was fidgeting and looking around

quickly, and seemed in a hurry to get away from the scene. Piteni walked away slowly, with a stiff back. Broughton knew that he would continue the conversation with Piteni at some time in the near future. He was aware of the animosity of the communities towards people who passed on information, or who even sided with the white power structure against the community. Even Majoli and Piteni, as policemen living in the townships, were at risk within their community, and were well aware of it. Broughton started playing with the idea. Would Kleingat have had access to information about crimes being committed, or about to be committed?

He decided to get out of the station and see whether there was anything else he could pick up from the neighbours. Monday night was the key. The body was brought to the churchyard during the night, and someone had fired an execution shot into the boy's head. Was it the same people who had beaten him up and killed him earlier? Or was there another party involved? And why was the corpse left there, in the churchyard? Broughton spent two hours going up and down Market Street, crossing into York Street, and along Hudson Street, trying to winkle information from the inhabitants, but he discovered nothing of any value. Nobody admitted to seeing anything, or even hearing anything that demanded their attention. The upheaval in the township last weekend had caused people to be even less co-operative than they might have been. Even if they had heard anything, they were not willing to come forward now. Of course, if they hadn't come forward on the night, they were certainly not going to incriminate themselves further by owning up now.

Feeling dispirited, Broughton stood on the corner of Market and Hudson, and looked up towards Fingo Village, and then across to Tantyi, where the bulk of the action had taken place during the last weekend. He was not himself directly involved – uniform had been on duty, but the *EP Herald*, the *Dispatch* and *Grocotts* all reported on the events, and he had heard some of the stories from men in the uniformed branch who had been there. From all this, he was able to form a fairly clear picture. He had been aware of the continuing school boycotts, here in Grahamstown, and in PE and other places in the Eastern Cape as well. The school boycotts that

started in May had continued right up till now. And then last weekend, three fatalities – one boy with a broken skull, and two adults who died of birdshot wounds. He could picture the police with their weapons loaded with birdshot, waiting to fire, and he could not keep out of his mind his own experience of holding a loaded weapon, and firing it in that moment of madness. He felt the frightening panic of that Monday in March 1960 at Sharpeville well up inside him, as it had so often done in the past.

* * * * *

The day had started for him like any Monday. True, there had been press reports during the previous week (which Broughton had read) about defiance campaigns by the PAC and the ANC against the pass laws, and Monday had been declared the start of the campaign. He had also read Robert Sobukwe's announcement about the national protest action, but Sobukwe had stressed that it would be non-violent in nature. Broughton did not concern himself with those stories – he trusted that his superiors would deal with the situation. Whatever might arise. After all, the main idea of the campaign was for non-Europeans to go to the police stations in the townships, and demand to be arrested for not carrying their passes.

Shortly after 8.00am, he and a number of other white constables in the Johannesburg Central Police station were ordered to get ready to be transported to the police station in Sharpeville township, south of the central city district where he was stationed. They were first taken to the Township Superintendent's office in Seeiso Street on the edges of the township, and then they were ordered into Saracens to be taken right into the centre of the township, to the police station that had just been opened. It was about half past ten. As they trundled through the township, he saw large numbers of groups of non-Europeans heading where they were going - towards the police station. The crowds were ululating, and shouting slogans, and from time to

time they thumped the side of Saracen. Mostly, they parted amicably enough to let the vehicles through.

One of the men in the Saracen, looking drained and stressed, explained what he had been involved in earlier that morning.

"We were sent with Major van Zyl to put up a roadblock on the road out of the location going through to Vereeniging town centre. As we arrived at the top end of Seeiso Street and were getting out of the vans, we suddenly found ourselves being surrounded, and they started throwing stones. So the Major gave us the order for a baton charge to clear them away. We formed up, and charged at them, but they didn't disperse. They just broke away from in front of us, regrouped as quickly as they had scattered. That was a tight situation – being surrounded and, man, there were only eighteen of us and about thirty five non-European constables. And then, I don't know, I didn't hear any order, and I don't know who started it, but some of the men pulled out their pistols and rifles and started firing into the air to chase them away. After we stopped firing, we heard two small arms shots fired from a house, but they missed everything.

"We could see that the Major was bloody angry that someone should fire a pistol at us. I heard him just later call Division and he suggested that they should bring in Saracens and airplanes to scare the crowd off."

One of the new arrivals asked, "Did you discharge your weapon?"

The man rubbed his eyes and then looked up. "Yes, I did, but I was aiming over their heads. I recognized some of the guys from around here." He was blinking quickly, and you could see he was on his nerves, as they used to say.

Broughton noticed that the Saracens were slowing down, and looking through the gun ports, he saw that the crowds were thicker here. They were close to the station. The Saracen stopped, and he saw that they had come to the gate on the western side of the police compound. The groups parted to allow the vehicles to go inside.

When Broughton emerged from the Saracen, he was surprised at the number of people outside the boundary fence. As he looked around him, he had the feeling that it wasn't one single body of people, but a number of groups who kept changing position. There were some organisers, it seemed, keeping people together, but also individuals who were there just to see what was happening. Further away, there were others sitting on chairs under umbrellas for the sun. He saw that the biggest concentration of protesters was around the gate on the western side, and spilling out onto what he found out was Kwane Street, on the south side of the compound. Off on the eastern side, there were very few people, but there were some groups away to the north, on the open piece of ground between the police station and Seeiso Street.

Broughton expected they would be given orders, but nothing happened, so he stood there with some of the others from Johannesburg, and waited.

The crowd outside the fence kept up quite a noise. Some were calling on the police to come and arrest them because they did not have their passes on them. Others were shouting out slogans, giving the Afrika salute. He also thought he heard groups singing hymns – he recognized "Abide with Me".

He listened to one of the local white constables talking about what had been going on during the night. "Man, we were busy all night till after 3 o' clock. There just seemed to be a constant stream of groups, people going round getting the inhabitants out of their houses. When we arrived, we baton charged them, the groups broke up and dispersed, we regrouped, and the whole thing started up again, two or three streets away." He looked really tired – his eyes were red-rimmed and he hadn't shaved. Broughton thought he looked on edge. As he watched the crowds, he didn't feel particularly threatened, because the protestors, although noisy, did not seem to want to provoke the police. They just wanted to be arrested. He started worrying that the officers were not doing anything. Almost as if they didn't know what they should be doing.

There was a stirring and a number of the officers came out of the building. They started looking up into the sky. Broughton understood that the request for air support must have gone

through. There was a gathering noise from above as a couple of Harvard trainers lumbered into sight, and then dipped down, flying really low over the station. He was looking at the crowd, curious to see their reaction. It certainly was not what the officers had expected. The crowd did not seem intimidated at all. In fact, a number of them threw their caps up into the air, and waved at the planes going past.

He tried to make a quick visual check of how many policemen there were in the station at the time. It wasn't easy because reinforcements kept coming in and they did not all gather in one spot. He was beginning to feel more nervous now. The people outside were not going away, and yet more and more police were coming into the compound as if there was a need for them. He did not notice anyone talking to the people outside, and yet the crowd seemed to be waiting. It was almost as if they expected someone from the police to communicate with them. Then at about 11.45 a squad of about 25 policemen, European and non-European, arrived with a captain, and then shortly after that, three more Saracens arrived and with them, in their car a colonel and a lieutenant colonel from Special Branch. "That's Spengler," muttered the man next to Broughton. "He's Special Branch. He knows what to do." By now Broughton was becoming apprehensive. He was disconcerted even more by the behaviour of some of the other constables, and even of the officers. As he looked around him, he saw that there were constables who were becoming agitated.

The police were now walking about with their rifles slung over their shoulders. Some had Sten guns as well. This did not assuage Broughton's fears – in fact the opposite. Why was it necessary to make a show of arms, when the crowd outside did not look confrontational, even if they were increasingly vocal and noisy? He heard some of the people outside throwing taunts at the police. "Remember Cato Manor!" One of the older policemen also heard that and he muttered, "Bloody cheek. How dare they?" Broughton had heard about Cato Manor, where a few weeks before, a mob had killed nine white policemen. Surrounded them, and battered them to death.

Broughton said nothing, but looked out at the crowds outside the fence. This could turn into a very dangerous situation. But he knew from his training that there were a number of ways of dealing with this. If he knew them, his officers would know as well.

He was no longer sure of time, but sometime after the three Saracens had come, he saw another lieutenant colonel, whose name he later heard was Pienaar, arriving with even more armed men. Broughton estimated that there were well over two hundred, including the non-European police. He even saw a European man coming through the crowd, stopping and chatting to some of the people, and then he climbed over the fence. He asked who he was. It was Mr Labuschagne, the Location supervisor, who had come through the township from the Municipal Offices in Seeiso Street,

Until now, there had not been any specific action to deal with the developing situation. However, as soon as Lieutenant Colonel Spengler arrived, he had started walking up and down the fence, trying to recognize people in the crowd. Two men came up to him, and he brought them in to the compound through the gate. They talked, and Broughton was close enough to hear Spengler say to one of them that he must order the gathering to disperse. That one, the man called Tsolo, said that only Sobukwe was able to call off the protest. Spengler lost patience and arrested him, and told Broughton to take him inside to Colonel Pienaar. Spengler then also went inside, and had a brief confrontation with Pienaar. Broughton heard Spengler say that he thought a quick burst of fire at any time would sent them running, but Pienaar disagreed – if there was to be shooting, it had to happen soon. They couldn't agree. Spengler broke away and walked outside back to the fence where he walked up and down until he recognized someone else, and called him into the compound as well. Broughton had followed Spengler, and he heard Spengler ordering this man, whom he claimed was the local secretary of the PAC, to disperse the crowd. He also refused. So Spengler had him arrested too.

Then Colonel Pienaar came outside and gave the order for all the white policemen to fall in, and about 70 of them lined up about five yards from the fence in the western corner of the

compound facing the gate with Zwane Street on their right. Broughton heard the Saracens move down into the north-eastern corner. As soon as he heard the order, he started feeling really scared, tensed up. He had never had to do anything like this before. He had never used his firearm except in shooting practice on the range. Here they were being ordered to line up with their rifles five yards away from anything up to 5000 people. It seemed like madness, especially as there didn't seem to be any reason to do this. Pienaar then gave the order to load five rounds into their magazines. What use were five rounds? Pienaar was trying to scare the crowd. To show that he meant business. But Broughton couldn't understand why, if Pienaar wanted the crowd to go, he didn't just get a loudhailer and order them to disperse, according to the standard orders. He didn't have a plan. Some of the policemen had already fully loaded their magazines. And a couple of them were saying, "Don't forget Cato Manor, boys."

Spengler was at the gate again, and a man in a red shirt called out to Spengler to arrest him for not having his pass. Spengler ordered the gate to be opened, and he went out to talk to the man. It seemed that Spengler wanted someone from the organisers to start dispersing the crowd before the police were forced into action. But this man with the red shirt wanted to be arrested, and Spengler really got annoyed. He reached out to grab the man's shoulder, but he pulled back and Spengler stumbled and fell. The crowd surged forward up against the fence to see what was happening. Some of the policemen in the line raised their rifles, as if they expected the crowd to break into the compound. That didn't happen. The whole crowd suddenly went completely silent.

Down from the gate a bit, someone in the crowd had worked his way to the front of the crowd. When he reached the fence, he pulled out a pistol and pointed at one of the policemen standing with Spengler. Broughton heard him shout out something like "Ek sal daai vark skiet." When he raised the pistol, people on either side of him pushed his hand up, so when he fired, the shots went off into the air. The crowd at the back pushed forward to see better, but the ones at the front sensed that things were getting out of control. They were turning round to move away,

but were prevented by the crush of people behind. Broughton saw some stones were thrown, one of them hitting the constable helping Spengler get up. The man instinctively raised his Sten gun, and Broughton heard one of the officers behind him shout out, “Daar was ‘n skoot!” Spengler reached over and pushed the Sten gun upwards, but the man pulled the trigger and one shot went off, up into the air.

Broughton did not hear any order to shoot. Some of the others afterwards said they had, but after that shot from the Sten everything changed. It was as if time slowed down and he felt detached from his body. He went cold when he heard that shot fired. He knew that if shooting started, people were going to die because the crowd was hemmed in, unable to move away. They were not armed. And here the police were going to start shooting live rounds into this crowd.

In that stunned moment, some of the people directly in front of Broughton turned away, trying to escape. Others just stood there with a dazed look on their faces as if they could not believe what was going to happen. And then there was a deafening sound as a staggered volley went off, and people outside the compound fell. There was then a pause, and then another volley. And Broughton pulled his trigger as well, reloaded, shot again and again and again. He was mad, not acting consciously. His fear, his instinct to be the same as everyone around him, his panic – he didn’t plan to but he did fire four rounds. He had his eyes closed, and he didn’t know if he fired in the air, or the ground or into the crowd that was now running away. Others continued firing, and the Sten guns kept going off, like a rattle.

After about 40 seconds, the firing stopped. It had seemed much longer than that, but that’s what they were told later. Outside the compound, on the roadway, on the island in the middle of Zwane Street and beyond, bodies sprawled everywhere. The crowd was gone. The people who had been at the fence were either still running away or had stopped on the other side of the road, and were crouching down, looking back to see what was going to happen next. There were no bodies inside the compound. He looked left and right but none of the police seemed to be injured

in any way. The stink of the guns, a sharp grabbing smell that attacked the back of the throat, and stung right up the nose, was overpowering.

Broughton stayed in the line, his rifle at the ready, like all the others. They became aware of sounds again as their ears cleared. There was an eerie silence from outside the compound. Nobody moved. Slowly, when the policemen realized that nothing more was going to happen, that nobody from the dispersed crowd was going to attack the station, they straightened up and waited for orders. He saw some photographers creeping up, taking photographs of the scene, the dead and the wounded bodies lying scattered across the street.

After a couple of minutes, the police inside the compound were ordered to secure the area. Broughton walked out with the others, and saw the bodies, the wounds, the blood. Women and children. He knew that he had done this. He was not able to stop to assist anyone. Policemen were walking around the fallen bodies, using their rifles to prod them to see whether they were dead or wounded. Other policemen were taunting the wounded. He felt sick at what he had done. He saw some of the non-European constables assisting the wounded, but he could not bring himself to do it. None of the European constables was doing it, and he wasn't going to be the first one. As he walked, he noticed a few native constables doing more than just prodding the wounded. They were stabbing them, and hitting them with their kieries.

After about ten minutes, police vehicles arrived and began taking away the dead. Over the next half hour, ambulances came from Vereeniging Hospital for the wounded. Those policemen who had been in the shooting line started grouping together. Some were jubilant; fired up, very emotional. Others were explaining – "we heard shots from the crowd"; "the crowd was rushing the fence and we fired in self-defense"; "stones were being thrown by people in the crowd at us", and jumbled up sentences like that. Broughton didn't know any of the people who were talking; they were not part of the group he had come with. He was shaking, his hands (even when he pushed them into his pockets) trembled, and he felt himself breathing very quickly.

When the last of the bodies of the dead and the wounded had been taken away, the policemen waited inside the compound. They were now quieter, more withdrawn, realizing that something had gone wrong, that they had not followed standard procedures, that they had given in to some inner demon that had taken over. Some had felt that they had done a good thing; others were not sure.

The rest of the afternoon was a blur. Broughton and the other re-inforcements were moved out of the police station. Some went to the roadblocks that were being set up around the township. Others were sent back to where they were stationed. Broughton helped man a roadblock for about two hours, and then a van came and he was taken back to Johannesburg Central.

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Father Riley had woken up early, restless and troubled by the events of the evening before. He had showered and said Matins, and still Mrs October had not arrived. He didn't know what to do. When he heard the door open, he felt relief that Mrs October had arrived and would bring him a tray of tea. He formulated how he was going to let her know that he was going to conduct the funeral.

"Good morning, Father. Did you sleep well?" Her words were polite, her expression neutral. She put the tray down on the desk, and stood back, waiting. She wanted to know the answer.

"Good morning, Mrs October. Yes, I slept well, because I have made up my mind about the funeral. We will go ahead and arrange a proper funeral for Kleingat, from St Jude's. I had a long talk with Father Nyako, and together we agreed."

"Oh, Father. I am so pleased." She clapped her hands together. "And Mrs Mabata will be pleased too. Father must phone her and let her know – she will be very happy." Mrs October beamed at him, and she turned and went back to the kitchen to make the breakfast.

As Riley drank his tea, he reflected how simple Mrs October was. He was wrong to have had such doubts about the funeral. Burials were after all a regular part of a priest's working life, and in one way, this funeral would be no more or less than any of the others he had conducted. But he was still scared that he might fail to create the right tone or atmosphere to satisfy Mrs Mabata, fearful that his own deficiencies would be revealed, shaming him as a charlatan. Or even that the funeral would make a mockery of the ritual of Christian burial. His hand started shaking, and he looked at it in bewilderment, until he asserted himself through an effort of will, and stilled the movement.

After he had finished his breakfast, Father Riley went into his study to consider funeral arrangements. The first step was getting the permissions for the remains to be handed over by the police for the undertakers. He would approach Mr Inggs. And then the service itself. He would follow the order of service in the Prayer Book, and he had done that many times before. He would have to say some words. Again, this was something he had done before. Indeed, often when he did not know the deceased, and had to rely on whatever scraps of information he could glean, it was easier than eulogising someone he knew well. Maybe he could approach someone else to give a eulogy – someone who might have more to say about Kleingat. Maybe Jeremy. He couldn't ask Davy. Mrs Mabata would know the most, but she would not be willing to stand up and talk.

Father Riley picked up the telephone and phoned Davy Newman. "Davy, hallo, this is Father Riley. Can I talk for a minute?" He hurried on. "I had a long talk with Father Nyako yesterday afternoon, and we have agreed to have a funeral for Kleingat. Can you please tell Mrs Mabata?"

"Yes, of course, Father, that's such good news. I will tell her right away."

“And now we need to make the necessary arrangements. First of all, Mrs Mabata must go to the mortuary where you saw the body, and claim it on the basis that she was the child’s foster mother. No-one seems to know exactly what happens in this situation where the parents and family of the deceased are unknown and there are other people who want the departed to be buried from a church instead of just a pauper’s funeral.”

“Okay,” said Davy. “I will go with her. I am sure that will help. Perhaps you should also come,” she asked tentatively.

“Yes,” he said. “Yes, that is important. Anyway, Lieutenant Broughton felt there won’t be a problem.”

“Good. Then we can get the undertakers to do the rest.”

He put the phone down, and sat for a while, making a list of the arrangements he now had to make. He heard the doorbell ring, and Mrs October answering it. Not distressed about having a distraction, he put his pen down and waited to hear what was happening.

Mrs October knocked and came in, her face pulled out of shape by some inner concern.

“What is it, Mrs October?”

“Father, there are three men at the door who want to talk with you. I am frightened of these men. Must I say you are not here, or must I let them in?”

“No, no, you must let them in. We must be welcoming.” He smiled at her, masking the lurch in his stomach as he saw the fear on her face.

He stood up and walked over to the door, shepherding Mrs October out with him.

“But...”

“Don’t worry, Mrs October. Don’t worry.”

He stayed in the living room and Mrs October went to the front door. She returned, leading three black men with her. She extended a hand, and said, “This is Reverend Riley. He is the priest in charge of this church.”

Father Riley stepped forward and extended a hand to them. In turn, they shook hands, in the African way, clasp, re-clasp, and back again. Riley was caught out the first time, but responded to the other two. All three were respectably dressed – one wore a suit jacket, the other two sports jackets, buttons done up. They were wearing ties as well, and they had taken their hats off when they had come in. Riley guessed that they were all in their twenties, and they looked very confident. The tallest of them seemed to be the leader. The shortest one was solidly built, with broad shoulders. He could have been a prop if he played rugby, Riley thought. Maybe he did play rugby. The third one tended to fat.

"So what can I do for you gentlemen?" he asked. "Please sit down." Riley waited for them to take their seats, and then looked inquiringly at them. The leader looked briefly at the others, and then turned to Riley.

"Father, thank you for seeing us. We come from the location. We live there. It has been a hard time this last month, and there are many troubles there. So we are come here to ask for some help." He had a strong accent, but his command of English was good, and Riley had no difficulty understanding him. The other two nodded, with the short one grunting agreement.

There was a pause. Riley did not know whether the leader had finished talking, or whether he was formulating his next move, so he kept quiet, but adjusted his expression to indicate that he was following. Riley noticed that the three of them were taking a good look around at his books, and ornaments, and the Hi-Fi unit in the corner.

"Father, we have come here because we heard that our cousin, Andile, was found here, dead. You would know him as Kleingat."

Riley felt he had been punched in the stomach. He had to look down to gain composure. What on earth was happening? Did these people really claim relationship with Kleingat? Mrs October had been right to warn him. What did they want with him? His vague fears of the past week suddenly sprang into sharp focus. But then again, maybe they would take the whole funeral off his hands.

He lifted his head, and they were watching him very closely.

When he answered, he spoke strongly, in case his voice should tremble and show weakness. "Yes, we did have a dead body found in the church yard on Tuesday morning. The police are looking after it now. He was known here as Kleingat – was that a nickname?"

He wanted to ask whether Kleingat was really a cousin, or were they just using the word, 'cousin' to claim some contact with him. He did not dare to ask that, as if he was accusing them of lying.

"So, Father, did you see the corpse before the police took him away?"

"Yes, but just briefly. I didn't want to disturb it in case there were clues for the police. Mrs October was also there."

The leader leaned forward to emphasise his question. "But Father, did you see how he was hurt? What marks did he have on his body?" He stayed in that position, his eyes fixed on Riley, and the question hanging uncomfortably in the air.

Riley leaned back to evade the stare. "No, I didn't see anything like that. He was lying all scrunched up – it didn't seem natural. We thought he was dead, and not just sleeping, but I couldn't see anything of his body."

"But Father, what did you think he had died from? Did he look like he was beaten up? Or was there anything else?"

Father Riley threw up his hands almost in self-defense. "He died from a bullet wound is what the detective told us that, but he had also been beaten – there was one arm which looked broken – but I don't know. You must ask the police."

Silence ensued for a while. Riley saw them exchange glances, as if they had expected this.

"Father, this was on Tuesday morning that you found him."

Riley nodded.

"What did you hear on Monday night? Might you have heard if he was being beaten up next door, in the church yard? Or perhaps the sound of the gunshot?"

Riley interrupted him. “No, the police said that he was dropped off here. There were no marks on the ground to show any sort of scuffle. He must have been killed somewhere else, and then left here.”

“But why here? Did you know him? Did he belong to this church?”

“No, I didn’t know him. Well, I did meet him a couple of times. He lived for a while with one of the ladies who come to this church, and she brought him, but that was three, four years ago. I am not aware of him being here since then. I have no idea why he was here.”

“So did you hear what was happening when he was brought here, during Monday night?”

“No, I heard nothing. It was a complete shock when I went over to church on Tuesday morning and saw the remains lying there.” Riley felt that they did not believe him from the way they were appraising him.

The prop forward spoke up. “Father, you must have heard something. There must have been a car, there must have been noises as they carried the kwedin round the church. And a gun shot. Come on, you can’t say you heard nothing.”

Riley had been growing increasing nervous with the line of questioning, but the aggression of that utterance provoked an angry reaction within him. He mastered the impulse to snap back, but he felt emboldened enough to speak firmly.

“No, you can’t say that. I tell you, I heard nothing during the night, I saw nothing, and I don’t know who brought the body here, or why. That is what I told the police and that is what I am telling you. Don’t try to put words in my mouth.” He knew that this had come out stronger than he had intended, but he had no intention of taking it back.

The three visitors sat back in response to this outburst. They stared at Riley, as if unsure how to proceed.

Then the prop forward said, “Lomlungu akasiva.” The others remained quiet, but seemed to agree with what had been said.

Then a strange thing happened. The third fellow looked at Riley and said quickly, “Did the police bring him here?” The other two turned round to look at him, and then turned back to see how Riley reacted. Riley was suddenly overwhelmed. This was exactly what he feared. If the police had been involved, this was now political: not just a murder, or a beating that went too far. If they thought the police were involved, then he was being caught in the middle between the police and the community. He felt little snatches of panic whip around his mind. Moving as quickly as he could to scotch that remark, he said again, “I had no idea who brought him here, or why he was brought here, and I didn’t hear anything during the night, and I know nothing about his injuries, and I have answered enough questions because I cannot give you any other information.”

The three of them seemed to agree, and they all stood up together. The leader stepped forward towards Riley, and leaned forward so that he almost was leaning over Riley’s head. The tone of voice came as another shock to Riley. “Father, it would be best if you do not talk to the police or to anyone about our visit. It will go badly with you if you do.” He caught Riley’s eye and held it. Riley had to battle with his self-control, and he knew that the leader saw that.

And then they left. They politely thanked him and put their hats back on. Riley watched them as they left the churchyard. They made no attempt to look for the place where the body had been. Riley stayed at the rectory gate after they left and headed back into Fingo Village. For the first time, he thought about Kleingat as a vulnerable and suffering individual, stripped of any support, alone and damaged, and he felt the beginning of a kind of empathy for the child. He was a tiny pawn in a bigger game, a victim many times over.

When they were out of the churchyard, he turned to where Mrs October was watching him. “I told you they were trouble.”

“Yes, you did, and yes, this is trouble.”

“Are you going to tell the police?”

“Did you hear what they were saying?”

She nodded, keeping her eyes fixed on him.

“Did you understand what he spoke in Xhosa?”

“Yes, I did. They said, ‘Lomlungu akasiva.’ That means, ‘This white man know nothing.’”

Riley winced. He went back into his study, and his first impulse was to pray. He sat in his chair and in his thoughts, appealed to God and the saints for strength and protection.

Then he tried to make sense of this visit. They had surely lied about Kleingat being their cousin. They showed no regard for him. Their questions were all about the implications and conclusions that could be drawn from the placing of the corpse in the churchyard. The final question opened up a possibility that Riley had never contemplated, but once the seed had been planted there, he couldn’t shake it off. Were the police responsible for Kleingat’s death? What troubled Riley the most was the threat at the end. He had never felt more vulnerable than now, but he was also suddenly conscious of how important the funeral was becoming. Kleingat deserved more in his departing than he had ever had in his living. Riley found it almost impossible to sit still, yet his fear for himself almost paralysed him.

What could he do? Or more to the point, how should he tell the police about this – trusting more in Lieutenant Broughton than in this visitation from that world out there. He knew nothing about it, and increasingly, he wanted less and less to know anything.

* * * * *

As Lieutenant Broughton was tidying up his desk after finishing the sandwiches he had made himself, he heard timid knock on the door and he saw Constable Piteni peering in, seeming very anxious.

“Constable Piteni, are you looking for me? What is it you want to tell me?”

Piteni looked around and up and down the corridor nervously, and then cleared his throat.

"Lieutenant, will you be doing some more investigating this afternoon?" He paused, and then took the plunge. "Perhaps I could come with you and maybe help with the questions."

The image of Piteni's retreating figure, after their discussions that morning, prompted Broughton to get him out of the station.

"Ah, yes," he said. "As it turns out, I have to go and talk to some farm labourers out on the Cradock Road. It might be useful to have someone who can help with the language."

Piteni looked relieved, and the two of them took off up the Cradock Road in Broughton's old Corolla, past the schools and the golf course, and were soon in open country. Broughton saw a lay-by, pulled off the road and coasted to a stop. The two of them got out of the car and went to sit on the concrete benches provided.

Broughton looked at Piteni with a questioning expression.

"Lieutenant, I must tell you first that my wife knows Mrs Mabata well. We live close to her, and she is a very good lady. I know how much she was hurt when the little boy disappeared again. So I am going to tell you things I have heard, from other policemen as well, because I know you are trying to solve this case, and I think that is right for Mrs Mabata."

"I am listening, Constable, I am listening."

Piteni looked away to the horizon for a while. Then he took a break and turned to look at Broughton.

"I worked with Sergeant Strauss for some time. He left Grahamstown a year ago. He told me this story, which I am telling you because it shows something about Kleingat. Do you recall what I said this morning, about the break-ins? Do you want to hear more on that line?"

"Yes, I do."

"It was before Kleingat went to live with Mrs Mabata. That was in the year before the troubles up in Johannesburg, when the children went on the riot. Well, before that time, there were some break-ins up in West Hill, and up there near the university."

"Yes, I remember them. But didn't we catch the people who were doing the break-ins. Aren't they in jail now?"

"Yes, that is right. But not all of them are in jail. Some escaped being caught."

"Do you know the whole story?"

"Yes, Sergeant Strauss told me. Do you know him? He is now in Uitenhage, I hear. It is something like this. There were four or five men, maybe six, who worked out that if they stole stuff here in Grahamstown, they could take the goods down to PE and people there would buy it for good money. So they worked out a plan for breaking in, and they did it so cleverly that they didn't get caught. Where they were also very clever is that they didn't take lots of stuff at any time. Just a little bit here and there, and then only later on sell it. If the people reported the theft, we opened a docket, sent fingerprints round to see if there was anything. If it was such a small theft, that was all. Often people wouldn't even report it to the police."

"But this changed. They became greedy."

"Yes, it changed, but not because they were greedy. Let me tell you. The people saw that in these places, during the daytime, often there was nobody left in the house. The front windows would be closed, but the little window in the toilet open was left open. They must have thought that the window was too small for anyone to get through."

"I see. I can guess where you are going."

"Yes. That is correct. The people used Kleingat. You know the rest."

"So how did this come to an end?"

"Kleingat. He did it. It went like this. Sergeant Strauss was suspicious of him and tried to catch him in the act of stealing anything. After a while he lost his patience, and detained Kleingat, and hit him until he talked. Sergeant Strauss pretended to be very impressed, and of course, Kleingat liked that. He told Kleingat that he must tell him every time when there is a break-in. So the next time, Kleingat told the sergeant when it was going to happen, so that he could show that he was a good policeman to solve this case of all the break-ins. But what

Kleingat then did, is tell the people that the police had found out from some informer about the break-in, and so they didn't go, and the police went but there was nobody to arrest."

Broughton had to smile. "The classic double-blind. Kleingat looks good to both parties."

Piteni nodded. "Yes, that is right. He might be small, but he was not stupid."

"But then what happened after that?"

"Well, Sergeant Strauss got hold of Kleingat and questioned him. He suspected it was him who had told the gang, but he couldn't prove it. Kleingat must have lied very well that time, and so there was nothing they could do. But Sergeant threatened Kleingat for the next time he knew a break-in was going to happen. Well, I don't know what happened, but there were three more break-ins and Kleingat did not tell Sergeant anything. And then, I don't know how, but he found out, not from Kleingat but somebody else, that there was going to be a break-in in Constitution Street, and they planned how to catch the people in the act. Which they did. But Kleingat, out on the street, must have seen the police coming, and he disappeared. Nobody saw him for about a month. During that time, the people of the break-in were taken to court and were given jail-time."

"When did Kleingat come back?"

"Well, about a month later. But as soon as he was back, he was badly beaten up. It wasn't the police. He was often beaten up, but this time was serious. They blamed him for not giving the alarm. Sergeant Strauss said that if they knew that Kleingat was informing for the police, it would have been worse for him."

"Do you recall when this happened, this beating?"

Constable Piteni thought for a while and then found the answer.

"Yes. It was in October 1976."

The two of them sat there in silence, absorbing what Piteni had said. For Broughton, for the first time, a more rounded picture of the boy emerged. He had always been on the periphery, darting in, doing something, and then withdrawing. Every now and then, he'd been caught, as he

had here, in the spill-over. If this was the case, it might explain why he was attacked, and finding out what he'd been doing recently would provide some indication of who had attacked him. But it didn't explain why there was a bullet.

Broughton felt a weariness descend on him. Was this how children died, or even, considering the Nel boy and his attack on Kleingat, how they lived? You try to live your life being of service to others, making things good for others, and yet the tide of evil and carelessness and disregard keeps on rolling up the shore, like waves. He had never thought of Kleingat as an innocent, but this story suggested that he might have been directly involved in his own destruction. His thoughts swung round to Mrs Mabata, who had tried to rescue the child, and whose heart had been nearly broken. He needed to find out from her what she knew of this. Broughton did not know how else he could corroborate this information – it felt authentic to him, but he trusted corroborative evidence above his gut feeling.

He turned to Piteni and said, "Thank you for telling me this – it will help me understand the background. I know it was not easy for you to tell me this. So shall we get back to town?"

Piteni managed a small smile. "What about the interviews with the people on the farm? Wasn't I supposed to be helping you?"

"Ja, well." Broughton smiled back. He turned to go to the car, but Piteni stayed where he was.

"Sorry Lieutenant, but that story was only part of what I have to tell you. The other bit is harder for me. Sergeant Strauss was uniformed branch and I know even less now because he is no longer here in Grahamstown. And I only know one person of the Security Police." He paused, and Broughton realized that he was meant to pick up the reference and what it signified. The impact of Piteni's words hit home.

"Is this still about Kleingat?"

Piteni nodded. Broughton remained silent, allowing Piteni chance to break the silence.

“There is one policeman I know who works Security Branch. I don’t know him well, but we do sometimes talk. From something he mentioned this week, I suspect that Kleingat might have been giving them information for a long time already. Something he said about having the inside information to follow up and arrest the ringleaders after the riots last Saturday. It only occurred to me that he might have been talking about Kleingat because of the story from Sergeant Strauss and this was the same pattern as the other situation.”

“Are there any facts, or is this just your thinking?”

“You are right – this is just my thinking. Maybe if it is useful, I can try to talk to this other policeman a bit more and see if I can find out something.”

Broughton nodded. There certainly was a chance that some more information on this might help his investigation. “Just be careful,” he said. “Trying to find out information when people don’t want it to be known can be difficult. Who does this other policeman report to – do you know?”

Piteni looked across at Broughton for a while before answering.

“Lieutenant van Zyl, Security Branch.”

* * * * *

Lieutenant Broughton could feel the tension building up in his shoulders and his neck. He rubbed his neck, trying to smooth out the knots he imagined were there. He sat in his car in African Street, where he’d dropped Constable Piteni off. He knew what he had to do now – go back to Mrs Davy Newman, and that domestic of hers, and see if they could corroborate what Piteni said. Broughton did not look forward to that. Mrs Newton would be fine, maybe not Mrs Mabata.

He knew that he had to go right away. He would forget parts of what Piteni had said, and he'd not taken any notes. But Friday afternoon at 3.30pm was not a good time to go calling on people. He stretched his arms, and started the car.

When he reached George Street, Mrs Newman answered the door, and welcomed him in.

"Hallo, Lieutenant. How can I help you? Come on in – I was just making myself some tea – will you have some? I have just taken Mrs Mabata back home."

"Thank you, yes, please." He sat down in the kitchen while Davy fetched an extra cup for him. Broughton watched her as she made the cups of tea.

She was wearing blue jeans and a jersey, with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and she looked very efficient. She sat down opposite Broughton with a smile, and asked him, "So what brings you here now, Lieutenant?"

"How is Mrs Mabata? Is she dealing with the situation?"

"Well, she is happy that there will be a funeral. Otherwise…" She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, I am sure that Father Riley will make a good funeral for the boy."

Broughton felt that he could start his line of questioning. "Mrs Newman, can I ask about the time when Mrs Mabata looked after Kleingat? What can you tell me about that?" He watched Davy as she sat back in her seat. She pulled her hair out of the pony tail, and re-arranged it. Then she looked into the corner of the room, and then faced Broughton. He sat very quietly, making himself as unobtrusive as possible, knowing that this allowed willing witnesses space to articulate their thoughts.

"Well," Davy started. "It's funny, I've just told the whole story to Father Riley earlier this week."

Broughton listened closely, and now and then jotted down a note. Once or twice he interrupted her to clarify a detail. When she finished, she sat back and looked at him, waiting for a response. Broughton posed a question.

"Did Mrs Mabata ever bring him here to this house?"

"Well, yes, a couple of occasions. There was one time – he actually sat with me for a while and opened up to me. Told me some stuff about what he remembered of his earlier life. Shame, he was quite sweet. One thing – I took out a little tape recorder and played him some cassettes with children's songs. I don't know how I came to have them, but he seemed completely entranced by them. You know, kids singing... He really loved that."

"So tell me, once he'd left her, did you still see him around?"

"Yes, I did, and I tried to keep up some kind of contact, but it was shortly after that that I fell pregnant, and then I focused only on my child, who, as you might know, died when he was five months old." She paused, just to catch her breath – something she had to do each time she mentioned Stevie.

Broughton sat in silence, but clearly an empathetic silence. Davy continued. "Well, I wasn't in any sort of state for a while after that, and when I started coming right, Kleingat was not high on my list. Mrs Mabata mentioned him now and then, but nothing more than that."

"Did you ever find out why he was beaten up? Or where he was during that month that he was away?"

Davy looked at him quite directly. "Mrs Mabata mentioned something about that. She thought he might have been involved in some kind of house-breaking scheme, but he was never caught by the police. The others involved, the adults, were, and they went to jail, but nobody connected Kleingat with them."

"So who did she think it was who beat him up?"

"Not sure. She must have told me what she thought, but I don't know. But, Lieutenant, you must understand that Kleingat was always being beaten up. You know he was always stealing stuff, and he often was caught and usually got roughed around by everyone. You saw his teeth, how messed up they were. And he had scars everywhere."

"Can I change tack for a moment? You reported a theft from your house, in September 77. I checked my notes on that, because I investigated the case."

"Yes. I can't be sure, but it was round about then. Just after Steve Biko was killed."

There was a bit of a pause at that.

"Mrs Newman, do you remember what was stolen? We didn't have any success in finding anything you had lost."

"Oh, my goodness – now you are really asking me. Well, there was money that was stolen. They didn't take the cheque book, just the cash. Jeremy's little Underwood typewriter. Some food, as well, I think. There wasn't anything else, was there? Did I forget?"

Broughton paused. "You reported at the time that a little portable tape player was taken. As well as some tapes. Can you recall that? And what tapes were taken?"

Davy's eyes widened as she took in what he had said. "The little shit. It must have been him. He must have taken it. After all we had done for him. Did he have no respect?" She covered the mouth with her hands, and stared at Broughton.

"No, Mrs Newman. Don't be too angry. Look at it from his angle. You said yourself that those tapes were the one thing that captivated him most. So when he stole them, he was just trying to hold on to a good memory."

Davy's expression reflected the emotions she was feeling. She put her face down into her hands, and shook her head. She stayed like that for about a minute. Straightening up, she wiped her eyes, and then smiled faintly.

"Thank you, Lieutenant. I needed to have that said. It's so hard, dealing with loss."

They sat there for a moment or two, silent, reflecting. Then Davy restarted the conversation, wanting to get things over with. "So, Lieutenant. Is anything I've told you so far been of any help to you? I mean, to your investigation as to who killed Kleingat and why."

"Well, I don't have any clear ideas on either of those two lines of inquiry. If I find out something about his background, I might find leads to some better information on what he was doing now. I still don't know why he was killed, and obviously, who killed him. But he did seem

to have been hovering on the line of the law back then. Maybe that might lead on to something. I have a fear that this will remain an unsolved mystery. And I don't like that at all."

"Do you have any information about what he was doing now, over these past few weeks?"

"Nothing yet. I have some lines to follow up on, but nothing definite."

"Was he involved in any way in the unrest last Saturday? He was found on Tuesday morning, so he would have been killed on Monday – maybe he was involved in some way."

Broughton had considered that. "Yes, that is a possibility, of course. A lot of people were involved and a number of school children have been arrested. But I don't know how he might have been a part of that. He was not at school, so would not have been part of the boycott."

Saturday 26 July

On Saturday morning, there was a huge police presence in Grahamstown, with reinforcements again brought up from Port Elizabeth. It was feared that following the funeral of the youth killed during the unrest of the previous Saturday, there would be violent reactions from the mourners. The police were determined to enforce law and order. A delegation of university members met with the police. They pleaded with the police to keep a minimal presence in the townships. Even just the presence of uniformed police in the townships would cause the conflagration that they were so determined to prevent. But the battle lines had been drawn.

After the funerals, a state of organized anarchy took over the Grahamstown townships. There were a number of deaths - the result of heightened frustration, desperation, and mayhem. Some were a result of police activities, aimed at putting down the unrest, making a show of strength. And there was destruction of community and school buildings. The people and the police set up separate barricades on the roads, and police deployed a modified Land Rover equipped with a huge fan so that they could direct teargas in a more concerted fashion than lobbing in teargas grenades. This machine was dubbed the ‘sneeze machine’.

There was a vigilante group called the Peacemakers, made up of older men, who wanted to re-instill discipline and force the children back to school. In May, school children from Andrew Moyaki Primary School had stoned one of the Peacemakers to death. Thirteen children were arrested. Three days later, 130 other pupils were arrested at a demonstration in solidarity with the thirteen. The following day, teargas was used to disperse 250 pupils who stoned police and private vehicles in Albert Road. Pupils were arrested and charged under the Riotous Assemblies Act. The school boycotts had continued from then onwards.

After the funerals, the house belonging to the leader of the Peacemakers was set on fire. The Principal of Nathanial Nyalusa High School was not in Grahamstown but his house was

burnt down. In L Street, the popular storekeeper who ran the Tantyi Cash Store was stoned to death when he came outside to remonstrate with the crowd, who then looted the store and burnt it down to the ground. The Tantyi Beerhall was completely destroyed by fire. The Tantyi Lower Primary School was completely destroyed by fire. At Archie Mbolekwa, the school office and storerooms and some classrooms were destroyed by fire. A classroom at Ntsika Primary School was destroyed by fire. Four classrooms at N.C. Cewa School were destroyed by fire.

Mrs Mabata stayed at home with the door securely locked. Even though she felt relieved that Kleingat would be buried properly, she was terrified most of the time because of the noise and the turmoil in Tantyi and further away in Joza. From time to time after dark, she ventured out to find out from her neighbours what was happening, but the mayhem continued until after midnight. She saw the fires burning towards Makana's Kop, and over towards the south where the schools were. She heard the news about the storekeeper, whom she had known well. The store was in the next street from hers.

Father Riley was aware of the disturbances. The rectory was closer to the townships than just about any other white persons' homes, and he did once or twice go outside to check whether he could see what was happening. Nobody else seemed to be venturing out.

Across Grahamstown, life continued, with rugby matches at the schools, and all the other features of regular Saturday afternoons. The rugby was disrupted though when the teargas wafted across the valley and clouded over the school's playing fields.

Sunday 27 July

On Sunday morning, Father Riley said Mass with the small congregation that had come to St Jude's. After the service, he mingled with the people as they left. The man who had known him from the Kimberley Cathedral, Andrew Blakesley, was hanging back while the others were moving off. When they were alone, Andrew said, "Father Riley, I was hoping that I might invite you to lunch today - if you are not doing anything. I would be very interested to hear the story of your life in South Africa."

"You want to study me as one of your objects - missionaries as part of the Imperial plan."

"In a way, I suppose, yes, but, also just to hear your story."

"I am not in any way part of any grand imperial design. I am small fry, believe me."

"Nonetheless, do come and have lunch."

So Riley went to lunch with Blakesley, who rented a small cottage at the lower end of Scott's Avenue. Blakesley was very welcoming. He clearly was an accomplished chef, and he had an array of wines and sherries on the sideboard.

"How is it that you decided to leave home and family and become a missionary in this part of Africa?" asked Blakesley as they settled down with a glass of sherry.

Riley regarded the exercise as a diversion, but was quite willing to tell his story. "Where should I start? From the time that I was priested?"

"That would be fine," said Andrew.

"Well, my first curacy was in a small village near Shrewsbury. After a year, I moved to London and felt myself much more suited to life in a city. I also discovered that I enjoyed preaching. After my Oxford experience, I enjoyed the preparation and, I suppose, the teaching element. Apart from that, to be frank, I did feel myself a bit of a charlatan. I found it easiest to deal with the children. The parents rather frightened me. But, over the months, I found

increasing fulfillment as a priest. It was a big parish, and I was still young enough not to want to be in charge yet. My social life revolved around the people from the church, but I did keep in touch with a number of my university friends.

"It was through one of them that I encountered Father Trevor Huddleston for the first time. A friend of mine from Oxford invited me to go with him to a lecture that Huddleston gave. Do you know Bishop Huddleston?"

"Oh, yes. I have met him a couple of times as part of my work. He has a wealth of information about the effects of colonialism, which is my special interest. I have studied his book and his role here in South Africa. An astonishing priest."

"Yes, indeed. He made an enormous impression on me at that first lecture. Not just for what he told us, but more perhaps for the force and passion in the way he told it. In the days following the lecture, I found myself wanting to go back, to hear again the energy and commitment. So I went again to another lecture, and then went about making contact to meet him face to face."

"I came to believe that this encounter was the signal that I had been waiting for to give my pastoral life a direction. Huddleston's references to the children in South Africa also served to reinforce my growing belief that my calling as a priest should involve ministering to children, especially unhappy and vulnerable children. I began a long round of discussions, with Father Evans under whom I was working, and my Bishop. I joined the missionary society called the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. After some time, the way was cleared for me to go to South Africa. I had told them I wanted to work in Rossettenville where Huddleston had been working, but they made it clear that it was not possible. Sophiatown was already being transformed into the white suburb called Triomf. That was a setback, a disappointment, and I had to accept as a second best alternative a posting to a rural mission in Pondoland. It had both a school and a teacher training college, and they told me I would be involved there.

Andrew interrupted him. “I see what you mean about not regarding yourself as part of the Imperial movement.”

“Hardly. In my initial plans for my life, I saw myself as an English parson. That was until I met Father Huddleston. My plan to come out here was just the result of too much enthusiasm. For a while, I thought my stay in South Africa, especially in the mission station, was an unmitigated disaster. But I stuck it out, I suppose.”

“Yes, indeed. Sorry to interrupt your account. Please go on.”

“So after Christmas 1959, I packed up my goods and sailed across to Cape Town on the Pendennis Castle in the second week of January. On arrival in Cape Town, I was well looked after for a fortnight at Bishopscourt, which I really enjoyed. The whole experience was really rather splendid, even if overwhelming - the heat, the dryness, the light - but my host was charming and amicable, and the atmosphere was civilized. I found the people in the parishes I visited in Rondebosch and Constantia very friendly, and I felt at home in the impressive Cathedral of St George in the centre of town. But it was so different from home, and in many ways, the role of priest there was far removed from what I had been used to.”

Philip paused as he reflected on that point, remembering his state of mind then, and how devastating he had found the transition to life on the mission had been.

“I had made a formal request to be allowed to go up to Johannesburg to see something of Huddleston’s place of work. There was no immediate pressure on me to get to Pondoland, so arrangements were made, and I was able to travel up to Johannesburg with a sub-deacon from Johannesburg who was down in Cape Town on business.

“Travelling through South Africa on that first journey has stuck in my mind far longer than the time spent either in Cape Town or Johannesburg during this transfer from England to South Africa. City life was something I had already experienced, but nothing prepared me for the reality of the African veld – the sheer size, the emptiness. The scale was so different - it did not seem real at first.

"The sub-deacon's name was Brian Manson. He was a tall gangling man, with fair skin and short hair. We took two days, stopping overnight at an hotel Manson knew. When we got into the Little Karoo, I grew edgy, unsettled by the sudden change in the countryside. I could not feel any affinity with the veldt, the atmosphere and the distant mountain rim which never seemed to change.

"Manson was not a very talkative man. I tried to generate an interest in the passing countryside, but it was all so much the same, and so featureless that at times it seemed to my half-conscious state that we were going through some temporal loop over and over again. The towns we passed through were also small and uninspiring. We stayed overnight at Prieska, but we were on the road early the next morning. I was getting further and further into a zone I did not understand.

"There were disquieting scenes which I could not easily accommodate. We passed a ruin of a house, set about three hundred yards off the road. It was complete except for window frames and doors. And clearly deserted. Further on, we passed the skeleton of a dead donkey, with the surrounding sand stained by the fluids seeping out of the carcass after death. In the middle of nowhere, sheltered under a small hill was a settlement of shacks, corrugated iron, wood, mudbrick – no trees, no roads, no visible purpose. I spotted two young children, huddling under the shade of one of the shacks. How could people actually live there, miles away from anything that seemed capable of sustaining life itself, let alone allowing for any quality of life? As we approached Upington, Manson pulled over as he saw what looked like a dump – there were old tires, pieces of machinery, corroded and broken zinc sheets, the carcass of a washing machine. It was deserted. He looked at the debris for a short while, and then turned to me with a sigh, 'Man, there is so much that needs to be done.'

"Manson's business in Upington took him about an hour. He parked the bakkie in the shade of a tree close to where he was meeting his contact, and I sat there waiting. I did get out of the bakkie, and walked up and down the road to stretch my legs, but I was too nervous to walk

out of sight of the bakkie – I was scared of becoming disoriented and lost. As I waited, I realised all the more strongly how little I had prepared myself for this encounter with this alien world, this other place. My view of South Africa had been so romantic, inspired by Huddleston's passion and commitment to the black people he had worked with. The black people that I had so far seen bore no resemblance to what Huddleston had talked about. They seemed passive, downtrodden and obsequious. I was also terrified that the countryside in Pondoland where I was heading would be like the countryside I had seen so far.

"Manson returned, looking more cheerful than before, and we set off. For the first time, he seemed to loosen up, and he became almost talkative. I asked him if the countryside in Pondoland was anything like this. He laughed. 'No, totally different. The Transkei is a wonderful place. I have been through it a number of times, and even spent some holidays at various places on the Wild Coast – wonderful fishing.' I told him I was going to Flagstaff and he said it was near Port St Johns and that was a great place by the sea.

"I felt reassured. Some of the impact of the journey lessened. Manson was now much easier to talk to, and we keep a desultory conversation going.

"When we reached Kuruman, he stopped the bakkie next to a small built up garden which looked out of place in such a dry world. He took me over to the little pond of water at the centre of the garden. 'Look, there's a spring here. See those bubbles coming up, there in the middle – that's called the Eye. You see, Father, even in the middle of the desert, there are wonders to see.'

"It was so simple, yet it was impressive. There was something almost Biblical about this. Surely, if water can come up in the desert, I thought, then I should be able to find my purpose here in this strange land.

"Manson then surprised me even more, because instead of continuing down the main road, he turned off, and went driving off towards the African township outside of town. He remained silent when I queried where we were going, just smiled, and nodded. He slowed down when he

came to the entrance of a large plot, and I saw it was a church building from the cross on the roof. And the outbuildings clearly indicated a place of some interest."

Andrew interrupted again. "You were going to the Moffat Mission, I guess."

Riley nodded. "Yes, indeed. Manson was so pleased with himself. 'This, Father, is the Moffat Mission. You see that tree over there – that is where David Livingstone proposed to the Reverend Robert Moffat's daughter Mary. They got married. Moffat was here for forty years, and this mission was famous. You see what can be done.'

"We walked around a bit, and visited the Church. We tried to find the priest, but he was not on the mission at that time. I knew about David Livingstone – 'Dr Livingstone, I presume' – but I had never heard of Moffat and knew nothing of missionary activity in this part of the world. Walking around in that place made me start rethinking what I understood about being in a mission. A missionary goes to unfamiliar places and encounters unfamiliar people, and tries to bring the Gospel of Christ to them. This is what I had committed myself to - this was to be my role as priest. Clearly, all this activity had some purpose, some part of a greater plan.

"When we approached Johannesburg, I emerged from the cocoon of meditation. The outskirts of the city returned me to known space. I knew about cities and living in cities. The sight of large buildings, and laid out streets and signposts - these all invigorated me. More than that, this city contained the places Father Huddleston had talked about, the starting point of my journey.

"Here would be space which I could take in, and absorb. Manson pointed out some of the places I had heard about - the new townships of Soweto, and further on, off to the East, Rossettenville itself. When Manson arrived at Bishop Reeves's palace, I felt sorry to see him go. But I was looking forward to meeting Bishop Reeves. He, like Huddleston, had trained at the Community of the Resurrection Priory at Mirfield."

"Yes," said Andrew, who was following this narrative closely. "I have also met Bishop Reeves, and his book on Sharpeville has been a key text for me."

"During the next month, I started feeling much more at home in the Anglican community of Johannesburg. I was able to talk to a number of people about the state of the church, and its mission, and I felt closer to some understanding of how I could make a contribution. Looming larger, though, across the minds of most of the people I met was the growing political tension and its impact on the lives of black people, especially within the Anglican congregations. As you know, these tensions exploded in 21 March at Sharpeville. As soon as Reeves heard about the massacre, he went down to the hospital in Vereeniging and interviewed many of the wounded. It was he who announced that many of the wounded had been shot in the back. But you know about the book he wrote later, including a portfolio of photographs taken by Ian Berry. I saw the photographs - they were horrifying. In the middle of all this, I was plucked out of the air, as it were, and set off down to Pondoland by train. When I heard later in the year that Bishop Reeves had deported out of country, I was deeply saddened.

"Leaving Johannesburg to go to the mission felt a bit like being sent into exile. The dream I had created for myself while listening to Huddleston in London was nothing like the reality I encountered."

Andrew Blakesley sat back in his chair, looking intently at Philip. "It must have been a very dispiriting experience."

* * * * *

Daniel Broughton and his wife had finished their breakfast and were drinking coffee on their stoep when the buzzer on their gate sounded. Elizabeth went to see who it was. She was gone for a minute or so, before coming back and saying, "Did you ask a black man to come and do gardening for you today? Something about sorting out the back lawn." She had a quizzical look on her face because she knew Daniel's attitude towards gardening, especially on a Sunday.

Daniel raised an eyebrow, but he stood up and went to the front gate. From a distance, he did not recognize the man, who was dressed in tatty overalls, with a floppy dark hat covering most of the forehead. The man was standing with his shoulders scrunched up, as if he was used to rejection. When Daniel got closer, he recognized Constable Piteni. Immediately, he played along with the disguise.

He pointed at his watch with an extravagant gesture, and said, “What do you mean to be coming so late?” while he opened the gate and let Piteni in. He turned and walked back, and Piteni followed him round the house till they were finally out of sight of the road. He shook Piteni’s hand, and offered him a cup of coffee. Elizabeth stood there, taken aback until Daniel introduced the constable. Elizabeth poured him a cup, and then withdrew into the house.

Broughton let Piteni drink some coffee before asking the obvious question, “Why have you come here on a Sunday, our day off? Is there something to do with the Kleingat case?”

Piteni shook his head.

“No, nothing directly about the little boy. Maybe something will come up with a link. I had to come explain to you what is happening there in the location. Yesterday was bad, bad.” He paused, as he reflected on the incidents that he had seen.

Broughton nodded. “I could hear some of the noises even from here. There was a helicopter and that always means business. Tell me what you saw.”

“I didn’t want to go out and make myself seen. Sometimes that can be dangerous – if the people see you as a police, and they are looking for a target. But there was so much noise and things happening. I went out and was heading toward the Tantyi Cash store in L Street where Mr Mjekulu has his business. He is an old friend of mine. I often buy stuff from him, and he always has news about what is going on in the location. As I approached, I saw that there was a big crowd outside the shop, and it looked like there was some looting happening. Mr Mjekulu! Why are they attacking him? He is part of the location. Then I saw him come out of the shop and he tried to talk to the people, and they threw stones at him, and I saw him fall and they didn’t stop. I

was too far away to do anything – also I was scared to do anything with the crowd acting like that. They went on stoning him for a long time. When they had finished, they went into the store and just took the stuff, everything. The shop was empty. When they all left, I went to see. It was all gone." He paused, until he had regained some composure. "Lieutenant, this is bad, bad. The people are destroying themselves – almost as if they fight themselves because they can't fight the boere, and they have to do something."

"You're right. This is bad news."

"I didn't see it, but I heard that they also burnt down the house of Mr Solomon Ngaweni, the Principal of Nyaluza High School. And they also burned down the schools – Tantyi Lower, Archie Mbolekwa, Ntsika Primary, N V Cewu – this is not good."

"Was it the pupils doing all this? Was there any organization behind all this?" Broughton was thinking like a policeman.

"I don't know. Yes, I saw lots of young boys in the crowds, and they have been boycotting schools for months. They have been disciplined; the boycotts have been orderly. The children go to school and stand inside the grounds, but do not go into class. This time, no, it was uncontrolled. I suspect there must have been organisers, speeding the crowds on. Now there will be more arrests. Some were arrested last weekend when that young boy was killed, and the others, and now there will be lots more." He stopped and looked across at Broughton, willing him to understand where he was headed. Broughton did not want to jump to conclusions, even though he was not sure that he wanted this constable to suppose that he did not know what was going on. "So tell me where you are going with this," he asked.

Piteni shook his head. "You know, Lieutenant. If I know, then you must know too. We will go in and arrest people. How will we know who to arrest? Who will tell us? How will the officers get information? They did not see who it was who threw stones, and lit the fires. Lieutenant, how will you people get the information?"

There was a pause, and the two men looked at each other. Despite the differences that separated them, there was enough common respect that they were able to understand each other.

“I know. That is how it happens. But do you really think that he might have been found out giving information to the police?”

Piteni shrugged. “Look, we have no evidence, and all we know is that the little boy is dead. He was killed on Monday night. The arrests started on Sunday night and went on into the week. So yes, maybe he did give some information to the police, and maybe he was found out. I don’t know who killed him, but you told me that he was beaten. That would have been people from the location if they found out that he had given information.”

Broughton considered that there was indeed a possibility that Kleingat had tried to gain some benefit from passing on information – he had done it successfully in the spate of robberies. Maybe he had been trying to do the same here. He could certainly have blended in during the unrest, and he could well have seen people he recognized and let the police have names.

Broughton looked up at Piteni, who was sitting impassively, watching him. Broughton said nothing, but made a little gesture with his hand. He realized what Piteni was trying to tell him.

“Security Police.”

Broughton had known that. They would have wanted information. But still he wished that the words had not been spoken. He had hoped initially that the death of Kleingat would be a simple crime of violence, but the more he looked, the less likely that was turning out to be. And of course, Kleingat often had spent time at the bottom of Hill Street, not far from the Security Police offices. According to Davy Newman, he sometimes would sleep behind the Library, two buildings away from the Security Police offices. Maybe Kleingat had thought that having a connection with the Security Police would be an insurance against too much pressure from the regular police.

Piteni spoke up. “Lieutenant, you must be careful. You must not jump to conclusions without evidence. All you have is a possible reason why the little boy was beaten up.”

"I don't know. I have never done anything like this before. But this time, I do believe this is something that must be investigated. Even if it means investigating events that should maybe not have happened."

Broughton thought Piteni looking relieved about this, but he saw on his face the struggle between wanting to pursue the investigation for all the right reasons, and the relief of not having to go on being involved. There was a clear conflict between on the one hand, his moral code, both as policeman and as a friend of Mrs Mabata, and on the other, the question of self-preservation.

Broughton went on, "If you see anything, or hear anything, you can let me know, and where I can, I will keep you informed on my progress. And maybe there will be things you can find out for me."

Broughton stood up and stretched, and Piteni followed suit. They walked back to the front of the house, and Piteni left, doffing his hat as if he had received payment for a morning's work in the garden. Broughton did not think that there really was anyone watching them, but played along.

When he went back into the garden, he sat down and thought. First, he had to establish whether it was actually possible to find out who had beaten Kleingat up. That was the key. The bullet was in his mind a secondary concern. According to the pathologist, he was as good as dead anyway by the time the shot was fired. But maybe the ballistics results might help him to discover who had given the boy the beating. But he hadn't sent the bullet off yet.

Given the state of unrest in the townships now, he felt it was highly improbable that any approach that he might make to his usual contacts would bring any results. His attempts at finding from the neighbours what had happened on Monday night had produced nothing. If last weekend's experience was anything to go by, there would be more arrests over the next few days, and that would make finding out anything from the constables very difficult. He would not get anywhere relying on co-operation. He would have to follow a path that would only lead to a

confrontation. He felt ambivalent about this. Part of him wanted the whole investigation to go away. Declare the case unsolved (and unsolvable), and get on with other matters. But he also resented that some people had taken it upon themselves to wipe out the life of the street child. And doing so in the fairly certain knowledge that nothing would come of it.

He went into the garage and spent some time looking at the offering he was making for Elizabeth. He was pleased with his progress after the long session he had had earlier in the week. Out of the gnarled and convoluted log stump that he had started with, clear definition was beginning to emerge. The first steps he had taken had been cutting away the edges, shaping the stump into something close to what he had originally imaged. Then he had secured the stump onto the lathe, and had begun turning. The base had been flattened out and the widest section, the lip of the salad bowl, was emerging at the other end. After lunch, he would continue with his creation.

Monday 28 July

When Broughton got to his desk, he went through his messages, and looked through his notes on his other cases. Major Cloete, the head of the CID came to his office and asked for a progress report. Broughton told him everything he knew, including the interviews with the neighbours, and also with Kleingat's closest companions, the other street children. He did not include the background that he had learnt from Davy Newman and the constables about Kleingat's involvement in the robberies, or his possible role as a double informer. He did not mention that he had located the bullet that had killed him. His conclusion was that death was caused by persons unknown, and that those unknown persons had dumped the deceased in the churchyard as an attempt to cover their tracks. He implied that his suspicions tended toward these unknown persons being non-Europeans, and that the church, St Jude's, was chosen simply because it was so close to Fingo Village.

Major Cloete listened to Broughton's comments without reacting. "Ja, that is what I thought. I am pleased that there is nothing more than what you said. Life is difficult enough right now without having to deal with complications from this incident. Well done, Lieutenant. We can wrap this case up now." He ran his hand over his face, and looked at Broughton, blinking. "Things are happening now. First, the Chief Magistrate has placed a restriction in the sale of any alcohol from bottle stores in all of Grahamstown, white as well as black. Hotels and restaurants in the white areas are still allowed to serve drinks with a meal, and as you know, all beerhalls in the townships are already closed. Until further notice. It is clear that some of the rioters on Saturday night were under the influence. And then there is also an order from the Chief Magistrate banning all funerals between 6.00am on Saturday until 6.00am on Monday. No more funerals to stoke up the emotion. We've got to get control of this situation."

When he left, Broughton phoned Van Zyl. Van Zyl himself answered.

“Hallo, Lieutenant, this is Lieutenant Broughton of the CID here. How are you - busy, I guess?”

“Yes, you’re right. This whole situation in the locations is perilous. We have our hands full. What can I do for you, Lieutenant?” Van Zyl was clearly not going to dawdle.

“Well, I am following up certain leads in a murder investigation - nothing to do with the unrest - I was wondering if I could come and discuss one or two of them with you. Get your advice on how to proceed.” Broughton did not like playing games, but a bit of flattery might assist. He had to deal with Van Zyl face to face, rather than being fobbed off over the telephone.

“Ag, no, Broughton,” Van Zyl responded. “Man, I am so busy with the follow-ups from Saturday. We have a very dangerous and escalating situation out there. I need to give all my time for that right now. Can’t you postpone your inquiries till we have this situation under control? Surely nothing can be as important right now as getting a proper grip on this unrest.”

Broughton had guessed that Van Zyl would respond like this.

“Well, Lieutenant, I do understand that, and I don’t envy you your position. However, the murder I am talking about involves the street child they call ‘Kleingat’. Sergeant Viljoen mentioned that you had been contacted as well. The priest who reported the death to us wants to go ahead with a funeral. I want to know if he can go ahead with that.” He had stressed the word ‘murder’ perhaps a bit too melodramatically, but that was the lure to draw Van Zyl out.

There was a profound silence at the other end of the phone. Broughton just let it hang there, imagining how Van Zyl was trying to come up with a response. He would have loved to have seen his face when he mentioned the name. He heard the rustle of paper at the end of the phone.

“I will see you here in my office this afternoon at 15h00.” The phone was put down, and Broughton allowed himself a small sigh.

* * * * *

Father Riley had not had a good weekend. Lunch with Andrew Blakesley had been a pleasant interlude, but he was still terribly anxious about what lay ahead. He now had to make the arrangements with the District Surgeon and with the undertakers to prepare the remains for the funeral. He was hoping to hold it on Wednesday - that should give the undertakers time to get everything sorted out. He needed to inform people about the time of the funeral as well.

When Mrs October arrived, he went through to the kitchen immediately, and while she was making tea, he asked her to tell him as much as she knew about what had happened over the weekend. Mrs October looked at Riley with wide open eyes, but she did welcome the chance to unburden herself of the weekend's trauma.

Father Riley listened sympathetically, and began to have a clearer insight into her life, something he had never really considered before. He had never been to her house, and had no idea of what condition she lived in.

"I also went to stay with Mrs Mabata, and she was sad. She is happy that there will be a funeral, but she is sad for Kleingat. And the police, Father. They were everywhere, and that sneeze machine for the teargas - it was coming into the houses, and we had to put wet cloths over our faces. No, this is bad. They must do something to stop all this nonsense."

"And then on Sunday, Father, the police were back again, and now they are arresting pupils. They say they are looking for the ringleaders, but they are arresting so many."

"Are there ringleaders, Mrs October? Are there people who are leading the unrests?"

"I don't know, Father. I try to keep away from it all, I keep inside my house and don't get involved."

"Yes, that is probably best for you."

Riley stretched and stood up. “I must get going on the arrangements for the funeral. We are taking Mrs Mabata to the mortuary to claim the body, and then I must phone the undertakers. Wednesday or Thursday should be all right.”

By 10.30am, he had sorted matters out. They had gone to the mortuary and the District Surgeon turned out to be quite willing to release the remains. The undertakers were going ahead to collect the remains and prepare them. Mrs Newman, after checking with Mrs Mabata, had agreed that Thursday was fine for the funeral, and they would see that anyone who had known Kleingat would be told about that. He asked Mrs October to make him a cup of tea. As he was sitting in the lounge, drinking the tea, there was a knock at the door. Mrs October showed the caller into the lounge, and then shot out as quickly as she could.

The man who came in, and who was now standing observing Father Riley, clearly knew how to exercise control. He was short and quite slender, with cropped blond hair and pale greenish eyes. His features were youthful, but were beginning to coarsen as he aged. He was very neatly dressed in a light suit, with the jacket buttoned up. His shoes were grey, and were smartly polished. Riley felt instinctively that he had to be on his guard.

“Good morning, Father. I am Lieutenant van Zyl of the Security Police. We have not met before.” He put out his hand, to shake Father Riley’s, and he bowed slightly at the waist when Riley took the offered handshake.

“Well, good morning also, Lieutenant. Please sit down. What is it? Is it about Kleingat that you have come? Do you have any more information than what Lieutenant Broughton can tell us?”

“What has Lieutenant Broughton told you?”

“Well, nothing really. I know he has asked questions of the neighbours, and he took Mrs Mabata to see the poor boy, but I don’t know if he has found anything out yet.”

“Who is Mrs Mabata?”

"Oh, she is one of people who come to church here, and she tried to look after Kleingat two three years ago, you know, take him in and try to make something of him."

"I didn't know that." Van Zyl's face gave nothing away. Riley had no idea whether what he was saying made any impact on him. He wasn't even sure if what Van Zyl was saying was in fact the truth. Riley felt that he needed to control himself better, and not start babbling out of the anxiety caused by Van Zyl's subtle display of power. He did not respond, and there was a pause before Van Zyl spoke again.

"I assume that you are aware of all the troubles in the location. You live right on top of them, don't you? It must be nerve-wracking, being so close."

Riley simply nodded, accepting Van Zyl's comment and yet not wishing to indicate that he agreed.

"I understand that you are going to have a funeral for the boy you call Kleingat." He waited for a response from Riley, who cleared his throat and said, "Well, yes, I am busy making the arrangements. Hopefully Thursday."

A change seemed to come over Van Zyl. He leaned forward from the waist, and opened his eyes wider, but it was more than that. It was as if he suddenly exuded a force, a menace, a threat, just in the way his body seemed suddenly to indicate a gathering of tension.

"Father, let me make myself very clear. You have seen what happens at these funerals. Look what happened these last two weekends. Now the Magistrate has issued an order forbidding all funerals until further notice. I am instructing you in terms of the proclamation that you will not conduct any funeral for anybody until further notice from us. Do I make myself clear? Do you understand me, Father?"

Father Riley could hardly control himself. He swallowed hard, while looking at Van Zyl, whose pale eyes held Riley's. Riley stood up to prevent himself being overwhelmed. He had no idea how to respond to this instruction. His instinctive reaction was to agree - to do nothing to give offence to a man in authority. But as he stood there, for the first time in his life, he felt

obliged to something other than himself. He had accepted a commitment to ensure that Kleingat was given a proper Christian burial. For the first time, he felt a sense of strength that he was not going to reveal to Van Zyl, but which would finally enable his response. He did not know how to articulate this but he knew he had to say something. So he opened his mouth and without consciously framing his words, he said, "Lieutenant. You have a very difficult job, I imagine, dealing with the frustrations and unhappiness of the people who live out there," and he raised a hand to indicate the townships. "I will pray for you that you are able to restore peace and dignity. I will do nothing to provoke any protest action. You have my word on that. Thank you for your visit."

Riley walked to the door and gestured with his hand for Van Zyl that they should walk out together. Van Zyl hesitated, as if to refuse the offer. But Riley simply waited at the door and Van Zyl was obliged to walk out as well. Riley was secretly rather astonished at himself. He wondered if Van Zyl had ever been treated in this way before – he seemed totally uncertain about how to respond to it.

Once they were outside, Van Zyl had the last word. "So we agree Father. No funerals. We do not want any more troubles. I will keep my eye on you." Riley watched him walk away, and realized that he was beginning to tremble uncontrollably. He stayed at the gate, and watched Van Zyl drive off up Market Street. He waited for a couple of minutes, calming himself down, and then on an impulse, he walked over to the church and knelt down at the Communion Rail.

He could not find words, and he did not know what he wanted from this action, this gesture. He did not expect to hear God speak. That had never been his experience or his expectation as a priest. But he did hope that he might achieve some clarity of insight into how he might proceed. As he stayed there, kneeling, he started feeling somewhat stupid. How was this going to help him understand what he should do about the threat from the policeman? He got up to go back to the Rectory. What he needed to do now was set up some action. It was not enough to be passive and wait for something to happen. As he stood up, his eye caught the sunlight

shining in through the stained glass window on the north wall, closest to the sanctuary. The wording underneath the image was from Matthew's Gospel. "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me." As he walked out of the Chapel, for the first time since he saw Kleingat's corpse, he felt a lightening of spirit, the lessening of a load. He understood that he had a role to play.

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Just before 3.00pm, Broughton walked up from New Street to the High Street, and then down to the corner opposite the Cathedral when the Security Police's offices were. As he waited for the gate to open, he looked down Hill Street and saw a little huddle of street kids, still hovering on the corner of Hill and Huntley Street. He gave them a wave, but they didn't respond. The gate opened and Broughton went upstairs and along the passage to Van Zyl's office. He knocked and was admitted. He had met the Security policeman on a number of occasions, but had never actually worked with him. Van Zyl rose when Broughton entered, and they shook hands. When they sat down, he straightened a file that was on his desk before looking up and inviting him to proceed. Broughton deduced that Van Zyl might be a little bit nervous. That file was perfectly aligned on the desk. There had been no need to touch it.

"Shall I begin?"

"Yes. We all have important things we must be getting on with. Let us not waste time on ..." he stopped.

"Well, Lieutenant, this is the first question. I understood from Sergeant Viljoen, who was the first policeman to see the corpse in its position next to the church, that he phoned you. This would not be normal procedure for you to be involved in a straightforward murder inquiry. Why did he phone you?"

"Well, you will have to ask Viljoen that. I don't know why he phoned me. I told him just to get on with his job."

"Had you given him any instructions to phone you?"

"No, why would I do that? I have enough dead bodies in the location without having to worry about this sort of thing as well."

"Yes, that is what I understand as well. So no instructions to Viljoen. Tell me, Lieutenant, did you ask Viljoen to move the body? Standard procedure would be to leave it as it was found. Is that not so?"

"I gave Viljoen no such instructions. You must ask him why he moved it."

"I see. I shall ask him."

Broughton ticked off one of the questions on the pad he had in front of him.

"Now, the next question is perhaps more sensitive." Van Zyl's raised his eyebrows a fraction. "Lieutenant, have you ever had any dealings of any sort with Kleingat?"

Van Zyl took his time before answering. "You are treading on difficult ground now, Broughton. How is this relevant to your inquiry?"

"Well, this is what I have been able to find out. There is a suspicion among some of the uniformed branch that Kleingat was involved in a spate of robberies about two, three years ago when he seemed to have been trading information. Whether it was to the police, or also to the gang, we don't know. He was never caught. But it was clear that he played some sort of link role and maybe it was he who sold out the gang to the police when they were caught. His main job was to get in through the tiny windows that people leave open, thinking that it would be too small for anyone to get through."

"Yes, but where are you going with this story? How does it relate to what we are facing now?" Van Zyl was clearly getting edgy.

“Well, it’s about trading information. I have to ask you whether Kleingat was supplying you and your colleagues with information about who might have been involved in the unrest in the townships.

“How will that help you?”

“If we know that he was feeding information to you, then the chances are that he might have been found out and then he met his fate in this way because he was an impimpi.”

“Yes, but how does that help you find out who actually did kill him?”

“It doesn’t, but it does give us a direction to pursue, and it closes off certain other avenues.”

There was a pause while Van Zyl seemed to be weighing up options. Then he spoke. “Yes, he was one of our informers, and we did get information from him last Sunday which proved useful for us.”

“You arrested some pupils on the basis of what he told you.”

“Yes.”

“And you trusted him.”

“Well, he had always been right before. No reason to think differently this time.”

“Well, that is useful. Where was he when he gave you the information? I mean, is there a chance that other people might have seen him doing so?”

Broughton got nothing further from him, and he gave up trying. The information he had been given did suggest that Kleingat’s death was possibly the consequence of having been found out. So much for the why - establishing the how and when would be much more difficult. Broughton left the building and as he walked away, he reflected once again on how different the world was as you emerged from that building. He walked on back to the police station.

Was any new information going to come up? The most likely explanation of the boy’s death was that he had been revealed as an informer. The bullet that had been fired, execution style into Kleingat’s head - had the killers finished off their punishment of the boy with the

shooting as a signal? He now realized that he had come to a point where he had to decide whether or not to submit the bullet for ballistic testing. What likelihood was there that tests would reveal anything? Would dragging the case out while he waited for results achieve anything? Perhaps he should just cut his losses, conclude that the case would not be solved, and present his report in such a way that it would satisfy his superiors' expectation, and then close it off.

Tuesday 29 July

Father Riley decided to phone Lieutenant Broughton to hear whether he had been able to establish anything about the circumstances of Kleingat's death. He wanted to make some reference to the manner of the death in his sermon at the funeral. He also suspected that Broughton would proceed differently from the way Van Zyl had when he confronted him about the funeral. He phoned the station and was put through to Broughton.

"Good morning, Lieutenant. Hope you are well. I wonder if I could ask a favour of you?"

Broughton listened. "Yes, as far as I am able to help, I will."

"Well, Lieutenant, I will be delivering a sermon at the funeral we are planning for Kleingat, and I was hoping that you might be able to give me some more details.

"Maybe if I came over to you, we could talk about what I have established so far."

"That is a good idea. Yes, do come over - any time. I will be here all morning."

Broughton came over just after 10 o' clock, so Mrs October made tea for the two men and left them to talk. Riley noticed with a inward smile that she did leave the door to the kitchen open, presumably so that she could hear what was being said.

"You see, Lieutenant, in my eulogy, I have to talk about Kleingat in such a way that I can comfort the people who will come to be part of his funeral. But I didn't know the boy at all. Yes, he came to church a couple of time with Mrs Mabata, and he was clean and well dressed then, but that was just Mrs Mabata. She's a very decent woman, and she was trying to make Kleingat decent too. I must say, I don't like using that word as the name to call him, but that seems to be the only name that anyone in Grahamstown called him."

"Didn't Mrs Newman once say that she thought the boy had been called 'Andile' before he came to Grahamstown?"

Riley took in a long breath. His Friday visitors had also called him that. “Yes, that’s it. I do recall now that she told me that the person who looked after him when he was a baby called him ‘Andile’. I had forgotten that. Thank you, Lieutenant - this chat has already had a good outcome for me! I do have what Mrs Mabata told us last week about Andile, and Davy has also told me about some of the things that she suspects he got up to. But what can you tell me about your recent investigations, if you can give me some details?”

“Well, I can’t tell you any details about the investigation. But it does seem that Kleingat was not blameless, and that maybe he became involved in matters that he shouldn’t have, and that led to the beating up that he was subjected to, and the bullet which finally killed him. Whoever did kill him brought the deceased here and left it to cover up their involvement. They must have come from Fingo Village during the night on Monday and dumped it here to make sure that none of them could be linked to the death.

“Father, I’m sorry to have to tell you this, but that is all we know. The real tragedy, if you ask me, is why it is that a child like that, with so little ever having gone his way, had to find himself in the middle of troubles caused by what you see all around you. Poverty, poor housing, poor education - not that he even went to school - and just a hopeless prospect ahead of him.” Broughton stopped abruptly.

Father Riley said nothing. He realised that much of what the detective had said was of no use to him. He couldn’t tell the truth in his sermon. But the picture that the detective had painted touched off a chord in Riley’s mind, concerning his understanding of his role as priest. He knew his own shortcomings. He didn’t feel the ecstasy of faith in transcendental moments, such as in prayer, or meditation. He had at best only an uncertain belief in the sacraments and liturgy of the Christian tradition. It had not always been so. At the heart of his decision to assume the vocation of the priesthood was the simple notion that vulnerable people needed protection and support. In his younger life, the chance of giving such succour to others through the Church seemed to him to provide a chart for his life, an opportunity for redemption for his own shortcomings. He was

also aware now that his commitment to his role as priest was much thinner than it had been. He had allowed, even fostered this disengagement, over his years in South Africa. The death of this little child illuminated the dark shadows of his practices. Riley knew that he could use all the pomp, grandeur and drama of church liturgy to produce the cleansing which funerals allow. He could do all that without anything but the most superficial of engagement. But what about the sermon? Was this a chance for him to go back and discover something about himself?

Riley looked up at Broughton, feeling in some way obliged to him. He felt that he should take the detective more into his confidence now. Broughton had been straight with him all the way through, and yet he, Riley was withholding from him the knowledge of the two visitations he had had - from the three youths, and from Lieutenant Van Zyl.

“Lieutenant, there is something I should tell you. It has been troubling me, and something you said perhaps needs to be corrected - if what I was told has any validity.”

“I am very interested.”

“Well, a couple of days ago, on Friday, actually, I was visited by three men from the township. They were very polite and very respectful, and they were asking about Kleingat, I mean, Andile. They also called him Andile. I wonder how they knew. Anyway, they wanted to know if I had seen the body, particularly if I had seen the wounds.”

“Oh. That is interesting.” Broughton sat upright in his chair.

“I said, No, I hadn’t seen anything specific. They kept pushing me, but I couldn’t tell them anything different. One of them asked me if I had heard anything on Monday night, Tuesday morning. Again, I said no, because I hadn’t heard anything. And then and this is what I want to tell you, one of them asked me if the police had brought the body here.”

“What’s that? They asked if the police had brought the body?” Broughton’s face showed his struggle to control his features.

“Yes. At first I thought he was asking if the police had taken the body away, but they really did ask if the police had brought it here. I didn’t know what to say. After that, they left quite

quickly. I suspect the one who asked the question had given away too much by asking that. And I was suddenly quite scared because now it seemed that the police were involved. Do you know anything about this?"

Riley looked across at Broughton, willing him to come up with an answer to allay his fear. The detective's face was impassive and withdrawn.

"Father, did you know these men who came by? Are they members of your church? Have you had contact with them before?"

"No, to all of those questions. They are still complete strangers to me - I don't even know their names."

"Well, you know that I can only go on solid evidence, and you admit that you cannot provide anything. But I will keep what you have told me in mind." With that, he left and Riley was only too pleased to see him to go.

Thursday 31 July

Father Riley said his office of Matins, and had breakfast. He thanked Mrs October and went into his study and closed the door. He had finished what he hoped was the final draft of his sermon the night before, and he wanted to read it through again before the service started.

When he sat down, he tried to bring to mind an image of Andile which might clothe his words with some kind of authenticity. He placed his hands on the typed pages and closed his eyes. Instead of Andile, what came to mind unbidden was a memory from the orphanage where he had started his life. It was an image of a boy, someone he knew, crouched into a position quite similar to the way Andile had been discovered. It was an image he had successfully suppressed, until the sight of Andile's corpse had liberated it. In time he would have to deal with that past. But not yet. He dismissed the image, and focused instead on the picture in his mind of the respectable Andile sitting with Mrs Mabata in the chapel. He was able to smile at the vision.

When Mrs October knocked on the door to remind him of the time, he was ready to engage with the present, and the lightening of his spirit that he had felt after his confrontation with Van Zyl buoyed him further. Philip Riley enjoyed the feeling. He went over the church and began to prepare. He lit the candles, checked that his vestments were all laid out in the small vestry, and lit up the charcoal blocks for the incense that he was going to use. He wanted to employ the full range of liturgical and other practices to ensure that the funeral had all the necessary gravitas. He then took his seat just inside the sanctuary rail, looking across the aisle and up at the stained glass window. After about ten minutes, the undertaker arrived, and the bustling started. Riley felt a twinge of sorrow when the coffin was brought in on the trolley, and was placed in the aisle just below the sanctuary rail. It was so small. But it did look very dignified and proper. Jeremy Newman had agreed to pay the undertaker's costs, including the price of the coffin, and Davy had guessed what Mrs Mabata's unspoken wish was - that the coffin should be a good one - and

she had asked Jeremy to provide it. And he had - the coffin was polished mahogany, with four brass handles, and the inside lined with satin. Riley knew that if Jeremy had had his way, it would have been the plain pine box with rope handles that Jeremy and Davy had stipulated for their funerals.

The first of the congregation to arrive was Mrs Mabata herself, flanked by three other ladies from the township. They walked in slowly and took their seats, right up at the front next to where Riley had been sitting. Mrs Mabata had stroked the coffin as she passed, but otherwise showed no sign of emotion. Riley was moved by their dignity. He stood up and walked to where they were sitting, and shook hands with all four women. Mrs Mabata, her eyes now watering, looked up at Father Riley, and nodded her head, saying, “Thank you, Father, thank you.” Riley did not trust himself to speak, so he went back to his seat.

Over the next ten minutes, the chapel slowly filled up. The number of people who had come took Riley aback. He was also surprised by the presence of some of them. Davy and Jeremy, he had expected and they had come and sat behind Mrs Mabata. Mrs October had been at the Rectory, and she took her usual seat under the stained glass window. Lieutenant Broughton arrived, with a woman whom Riley guessed was his wife. She had her arm linked in his, and she was clearly unfamiliar with this situation. They sat down at the back of the chapel. A police constable arrived, with his wife and a number of other black men and women, and the constable went to sit with Broughton and the women went up to the front and sat across the aisle from Mrs Mabata. Then there were a number of whites, who went and sat behind the Newmans. Father Riley was astonished when one of the three visitors who had come to question him arrived as well, and sat behind the women. The chapel was nearly full, when Riley had the biggest surprise of all. He was looking down the aisle when he saw Broughton get up and walk out of the door. He came back in, leading a bedraggled group of little street children, presumably Kleingat’s companions, and he directed them gently to the seats in front of himself and the

constable. Riley had to fight to maintain his composure at this - he had some idea of what effort had been needed for those children to cross over the barrier that respectability required.

When it seemed that nobody else was coming, Father Riley went into the vestry and quickly robed in the black vestments required for the service. He ladled in three large spoonfuls of incense which produced a good cloud of fragrance. And then he processed in, billowing clouds of incense ahead of him, and took his position at the prayer desk.

He started the service with the set sentences. There was a profound silence as everyone was drawn into the solemnity of the occasion, the richness of the words, and the awareness of what was being performed. Riley found himself almost elevated out of his normal consciousness, as if carried along by a power and a force greater than he had ever felt before. He realised with trembling that he was with God in these moments, and he was glad.

There were two passages of scripture, one read by Davy Newman, and the other, at Mrs Mabata's request, by the constable who sat with Lieutenant Broughton. And then it was time for Father Riley's sermon.

He grasped the pulpit with both hands and smiled at the congregation and at Mrs Mabata in particular.

"Welcome to all of you, and thank you for coming to be a part of the funeral of the little boy we mostly knew as Kleingat, but who I believe was also known as Andile. Thank you also for coming to support Mrs Mabata, who looked after him, and gave him the love and family he had never had before." He looked up from his notes, and added, "And thank you to all of you brave boys who have come to this church to say goodbye to your friend. I am sure he would be very pleased that you have done this out of respect for him." There was shuffling and nudging along the row at the back, and Riley smiled at them.

"I know that when we hold funerals, we usually talk about the service being a celebration of life, of the fullness of the life led by the deceased. But today, I want us to grieve, to mourn, not only for the death of this little child, but much more. We all must acknowledge with sorrow

the kind of life he had to live. The circumstances he found himself in, beyond his capacity to change. We need to cry, to weep, to feel sorrow because nobody should have to endure living like that.

"We do not know much about Andile's death. I am grateful to Lieutenant Broughton of the CID that he has come to the funeral - it shows us how much he is committed to trying to solve this mystery. We know how Andile died, what the cause of death was, but we do not know why, or even who it was who killed him, and who decided that he had to be killed. Was it something he had done, or not done? We do not know. And probably never will. But whatever we don't know about the death, we do know that it should never be right that little boys are killed in the manner Andile was killed. We should not have situations where children die deaths like this."

Philip Riley paused at the moment. He was surprised at the emotion he felt gathering inside him. It was not just emotion at the death of the child; it was a spurt of anger. He did not recognize where the anger came from, but he was aware that it was not anger arising only from Andile's end, but something far more personal, something that he felt had been suppressed and hidden, now forcing its way out of his self-control. He shook his head, as if to clear that tendril of emotion.

"I don't even know where to begin, but look at this stained glass window up here. See the words from St Matthew's Gospel written there. Let me read you another passage from the New Testament:

> And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,
> And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.
> Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.
> And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.
> But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

"We have not looked after our children well enough. If children have to live lives such as Andile had to, we have not done well enough. If nothing else, we must see the life of Andile as a reminder to us that we need more love in our hearts for these little ones.

"But worse than that is the horrible fact that Andile's life was cut short, by cruel and barbaric means, and even now we still do not know what it was that caused grown men to beat up a child so savagely, and then to shoot him as well. I know the police are trying to find those responsible, and I pray for them to succeed, but even if the killers are found, and are brought to justice, that will not bring Andile back. But it might mean that other children will not have to suffer in the same way.

"I know that some people will argue that Andile had got up to no good, that he might have been a little thief, that he might even have become involved in all the dreadful things that we hear about from the townships," and Riley checked himself because he realised that for the majority of the congregation this was not the case, "or for those of you who live in the townships, you see them happening outside your front doors day by day - all of these things should not be happening, and children as young as Andile should not be dragged into them."

Riley paused, to draw breath, and to see what effect his words were having. He still felt buoyed up by a strong feeling of grace, but he wanted to be sure that he had his congregation with him. As he glanced over the pews, he saw the eyes of almost all of the people fixed on him, and they were right with him. The anger he had felt had subsided, but he still wondered where it had come from.

"You all know that I could go on and on like this. Grahamstown has been suffering over these past months, with the school boycotts, the activities of the Peacemakers, and sadly, even the activities of some of the pupils whose patience has run out and who have taken matters into their own hands. And at the national level, we cannot forget all the children who died in the unrest of 1976, and the following years as well."

Once again, Philip felt the anger which had reared up earlier. He recalled the sight of Kleingat bundled up next to the buttress, and the impression of that broken body became real for him in a way that it had not been when he confronted the physical reality. He understood more clearly that the image was just a trigger, and the source of the anger came from deeper within himself. Over something that he had never allowed himself to feel anger. He pushed it down.

“Let us rather keep those matters in mind, but balance them out with whatever else we can find to remind us of the truth I believe we all hold as true - that people can be good, that life can have meaning, that the spirit is more important than material possessions and status. We all know what kind of life we want to live. That entails also that we must want other people to have those lives as well. Let us keep in mind the example of Mrs Mabata. She did that for Andile, she took him in, cared for him, tried to give him a home, a place where he could belong. And I am sure that there are others who have made an effort to support all those vulnerable people - organisations like Gadra, who feed some many of the children whose families cannot afford to give them healthy and nourishing food. There are other organisations as well which show that we can be good people, and that we can care for others.

“Today we are saying goodbye to Andile, or Kleingat. Wherever he is now, wherever he will end up, I am sure that he will be looking down on us now, and chuckling. As a Christian, I believe he is in Heaven, wherever Heaven is, and I believe in my heart of hearts that being in Heaven is a good deal better than being on earth, even if you were the luckiest, wealthiest, happiest person alive. If you were Andile, I am sure of it.”

When Riley walked back to his chair, he saw that Mrs Mabata was crying, the tears rolling down her cheeks unchecked. He saw that she was looking to him to catch his eye. When they connected, she gave him a tearful smile, and then closed her eyes. Her friends were holding her, stroking her arms, and her shoulders, supporting her. Riley had been apprehensive that there might be wailing and collapsing, but all the people were dignified and controlled.

Riley was collecting himself to go ahead with the rest of the service according to the Prayer Book, when one of the men sitting behind Mrs Mabata stood up. Everybody looked up at this interruption of the service. The man stood motionless for a moment, with his eyes closed, and then he started singing. His voice rang out strongly in the chapel, and immediately, the others joined in the antiphon. Riley recognised the opening phrases immediately, and he went cold. He had heard the song sung once before, a long time ago, on the Mission in Pondoland, and it had drilled to his very core. “Senzenina - What have we done?” He had found out what the words meant, and he had never forgotten them. And now the same feelings welled up within him, and he was not able to control his own tears. The singer had a pure tenor voice, which floated effortlessly above the congregation, and the harmonies of the rest of the voices conveyed both anguish and bewilderment. Riley did not know which version of words they were singing - he had been told there were various versions.

Senzenina: (What have we done?)
Sohlangana ezulwini; (We shall meet in heaven.)
Sono sethu, ubumyama? (Our sin is that we are black.)
Sono sethu yinyaniso? (Our sin is the truth.)
Sibulawayo: (They are killing us.)
Mayibuye i Africa (Let Africa return.)

The last line, he knew, was one of the calls of the African National Congress now in exile - Let Africa return, let the country come back to its inhabitants.

Jeremy and Davy did not know the words at all, but they too were moved to tears. Piteni battled at first to keep quiet, but even he started joining in. Broughton knew about the song, but had never heard it sung. And in the context of Andile’s death, and this congregation’s mourning, he too was deeply moved. When the song ended, there was a profound silence.

* * * * *

The rest of the service went ahead, and Father Riley at the conclusion led the coffin down the aisle with the undertaker trundling the trolley along. Once outside, he and his assistant loaded the coffin into the hearse, and then stood aside, as the congregation came out, and stood around in groups, watching the hearse. People started talking to each other, and Mrs Mabata came up to Riley and clasped his hands in hers. She was unable to speak, but her hands enveloped his, and he felt her gratitude. Broughton came over and introduced the constable to Father Riley. It was Constable Piteni, whose wife was a friend of Mrs Mabata. As they stood there, talking, Piteni nudged Broughton surreptitiously and gestured across the road. There was an unmarked car, with slightly tinted windows, and at least one and maybe two people in it. Broughton nodded. “What are the Security Police doing here?” Piteni shrugged. Riley saw this exchange, and heard Van Zyl’s words again. He felt a surge of fear, but quickly suppressed it. Nobody from this funeral was going to tear into the location and burn down schools or worse.

Riley then noticed the street children, huddled together, but clearly wanting to speak to him, or someone. He beckoned them over, and they came, slowly and awkwardly. One detached himself from the others and stepped forward - he had obviously been designated the leader. In his hands, he held a battered metal container. It was black, with a thin red line around the sides - the kind often used as a cash box. The lock clearly didn’t work - the lid was held in place by a piece of dirty electrical flex. The boy held it forward with both hands, offering it to Riley. He started saying something, but the mumble was so quiet that nobody heard anything. Riley squatted down on his haunches, and invited the boy closer. This time, he heard the boy whisper, “This from Kleingat. His special box. You must give it Mrs Mabata.” As soon as Riley took it, the boy scuttled back into the group, standing there, waiting for something to happen.

Broughton quietly suggested to Riley that he should open it, to see whether it revealed anything. Davy Newman had seen this and she had joined the group. Riley untwisted the wire

that was keeping the box closed, and gently prized off the lid. Inside it was a collection of various objects, the debris of a life. There was a small cassette player. Riley lifted it up, and Davy gave a gasp. She started crying. There was an envelope, tatty and creased, but still whole. Riley carefully opened the envelope and slowly drew out the document it contained. He recognised it for what it was - a baptism certificate, issued at St Matthew's Mission, dated August 1966. Neither parent was listed. The name was simply 'Andile'; the surname 'Unknown'. There were some keys, and a golf ball. There were some little pieces of wood, some coins, and a belt buckle. These were obviously the collection of things which Andile had kept as mementoes. They now appeared tawdry and insignificant, but all of the adults looking at the tin's contents imagined him going over and over these things as tangible touchstones of his life.

It was only a small group who went with the hearse to the graveyard for the committal - Father Riley, Mrs Mabata, and three of her friends for support. After the funeral was over, Mrs Mabata and her friends went home, and Riley went back to his home.

He made himself a light supper, and sat with a glass of wine reflecting on the events of the day. His predominant mood was one of satisfaction. The funeral had gone off smoothly, and the little gathering after the funeral had been quite moving. The committal was very subdued. Riley felt that he had every reason to be pleased that it was all over, but there were too many little niggling spurts of disquiet in his mind. From the very moment that Kleingat was discovered in the churchyard, Riley had longed for the release from the challenge that the boy's death represented. To his discomfort, he merely found that he was now being drawn further into an engagement that he had dreaded two weeks ago.

It was Mrs Mabata who was at the centre of this feeling. Riley had been watching her closely during the service, because he felt that if anyone was going to lose composure, and become awkward, it would be she. But apart from quiet tears, she had sat there drawing in (it seemed to Riley) a sense of completeness. The ritual of the funeral service was a comfort to her, not pain. Riley wondered how she could feel that way. What did she owe to the child who had

repaid her kindness by turning his back on her? What had made her accept any responsibility for the child in the first place when she took him in, and tried to make him realise that there was someone who cared for him, even loved him? That dirty little street child, with no prospects, no chance of growing into a decent and productive citizen - yet she had taken him in, and had continued to care about him, even if she couldn't care for him. "God had sent the boy to me," she had said.

Riley became aware of an ache in his chest, an almost physical burning sensation, growing with each passing moment. He didn't feel it was a heart attack. He knew what that was like from discussions and counselling with parishioners in the Kimberley parish. This pain came from a hidden refusal to acknowledge what he had known all his life - and which had scarred him as well. He had never felt the unconditional love of a mother and father. Yes, Mr and Mrs Riley had taken him in and provided for him in every way. And even though in time he had come to hold them in tender regard, he always knew that they were his adoptive parents, not his real parents. They had never treated him in any way other than with kindness and love, but Riley had always believed that they were in some ways emotionally separated from him. As the pain in his chest grew, he challenged himself to acknowledge that he was as much responsible for that as they might have been. This realization flooded through him, and he was ashamed. All that they had done for him, and yet his response was so inadequate. And as he recognised this, he realised that he was no better than Kleingat. He had deliberately avoided his past, but Kleingat had never had the chance to find it. Once he opened his mind to this, he felt the pain subside.

And for the first time, he understood that it was now possible for him to grieve for Kleingat. He grieved not as a priest, but as a person. Mrs Mabata, like Mrs Riley before, had been willing to show a discarded child something of what love could do. Kleingat, by absconding, had turned his back on Mrs Mabata, for all of his own reasons that Riley knew he would never discover. What excuses did he have for his half-hearted attitude to his adopted parents? He understood that he had not shown them love except in the most cursory of ways. In

his heart, he had resisted surrendering himself to their goodness, and that had shaped the person he had become. No wonder he had not felt anything for Kleingat.

But now things had changed. He had now been given the chance to learn about love, the kind of love that Mrs Mabata had willingly shown, that Mrs Riley had been willing to show. It was now up to him to take the steps forward to find out more, and taking those steps was entirely his responsibility. And he sensed, more than knew, that now he was able to start taking those steps. And then he felt a gladness in his heart he had never known before.

Friday 1 August

Father Riley went over to the church to ensure that everything was tidied up after the funeral. He planned to spend an hour or two just being present in the chapel. As he sat there, he ran through a list of people with whom he had interacted since Andile's corpse had been discovered. He realized that he was praying for them all, and that this intercession had come naturally and spontaneously. This was not praying as he had previously understood praying, but it was much more powerful. When he came to the end of the list, he started reflecting on himself. Without wishing it, he sensed that some revelation was welling up from his unconscious, was striving to reach a level of articulation. He sat, patient, waiting. When it came to him, he recognised his own conduct before, during and after the funeral as being like cashing a promissory note; that he had finally delivered on an undertaking made years ago.

Philip Riley had done well enough at school to be accepted into Oxford, and he had gone up with an eager spirit. He hoped that this time would propel him into a career or a direction to give his life substance on his own terms. He was fully involved in university activities, and he worked hard, and did well. He played some sport within his college, Oriel, including rowing, and he joined a number of clubs over the three years. He went to chapel as a matter of course, and enjoyed visiting other college chapels as well. He always made a point of going to St Mary's for the university services as well.

By the end of his second year, he was seriously contemplating becoming a priest. It just seemed like a logical continuation of what he had done in his life thus far. Nothing else seemed a reasonable prospect for him. Nobody pressured him, and when he went home, Mr and Mrs Riley listened to his reasoning sympathetically. They did not especially want him to follow this course, but if he wanted to do it for sensible reasons, they would accept it.

When he returned to Oxford for his final year, he made the inquiries necessary to realise this intention. There were meetings, and prayer sessions, and Philip accepted that there was a fair degree of romantic ignorance surrounding his inclinations. Not enough for him to call the whole thing off; but enough to prevent him making a complete commitment. But he went through with it. By the end of the year, his future was being mapped out a bit more clearly - Cuddesdon for the two years of theology, a year as deacon, and finally being ordained priest. He sat the Final Honours schools exams and was satisfied when he achieved largely upper seconds. He went home for the holidays.

He had a very busy social summer with friends. Towards the end of August, he settled down, addressing himself to the path ahead. Although he felt that he had made the decision about his vocation and that was not under question, he did suffer bouts of great doubt. On the last day of August, he felt himself almost overcome with anxiety, and so he told his parents that he was going for a walk, and he set off into the countryside outside of the village.

Walking down the lanes, and making a point of noticing the flowers, brambles and hedgerows, he sensed that his decision to enter the priesthood would remain something that he might always have to keep persuading himself about. Above all, he lacked some decisive moment, some Damascus experience that would allow him to put the decision aside as past business. But he somehow doubted that his personality allowed him that settled conviction. In the end, it didn’t matter. Maybe certainty might follow as a result of making and living out the commitment. Feeling a lightening of spirit, he came out of the reverie he had been in, and when he looked around, he saw in the middle distance, a church that he did not recognise. He decided to walk to the church, have a look around, and then return home. It was almost dusk.

As he walked closer to the church, he recognised its typical architectural features. They were familiar to him, he understood them, and they reassured him. He entered the churchyard, but found the church itself locked. He started walking around it, and looking idly at some of the graves within the churchyard. As he turned the corner opposite the gate, he nearly tripped over

an obstacle he had not expected. It was a shapeless bundle in which there was a sleeping child. The child appeared dirty, and was wrapped up in an assortment of coats and blankets. Philip cried out in alarm as he nearly overbalanced, trying to avoid the apparition in front of him. At this, the child awoke and immediately sprang up, letting the blankets fall. To Philip's alarmed eyes, the boy looked feral. His shock both at being woken up, and being found, made his whole appearance more wild than it normally might have been. For a frozen moment, the two of them stared at each other.

Philip could not say anything - he was so startled by the unexpectedness of the encounter. More than that, he had a blinding realisation that this moment would stay with him always. The boy recovered first, dropped down to pick up his blankets to get away.

"Wait," said Philip. "Why are you sleeping here? Where's your home?"

The boy looked fleetingly at Philip while stuffing his belongings into a duffel bag. "Got no home."

"What do you mean? Have you left home?"

"Kicked out, more like."

"What do you mean? Who kicked you out?"

The boy had said enough. He was getting ready to leave. Philip reached out a hand to restrain him, but the boy ducked away from it as if avoiding a blow, and tumbled over onto his hands and knees.

"Fuck off!" he shouted, as he scrambled away.

"Let me help you," Philip called out. Even as he said it, he realised that this was not a conscious utterance. It came from some deep reserve within him. "Let me help." But the boy was moving away, quickly but carefully avoiding the graves and the paths that crossed the churchyard. In a few moments, he vaulted over the low wall, and started running away, his duffel bag bouncing over his shoulder. Philip watched him go, a feeling of helplessness settling on him the further the child went away from him.

Quiet returned. Philip stood, astonished. Had he really seen the boy? Had there been an encounter with a real being or was it some imaginary apparition? Then he realised that the posture this boy had been in as he slept, before Philip disturbed him, was something he had encountered before, something he had suppressed from his consciousness. And then the significance of what he had seen and what he had remembered overwhelmed him and he turned away and dropped onto a bench just off the path. His thoughts dazed him, and he could not control the tumult in his mind. He knew he was not responsible for this sleeping boy. Yet why had he cried out, offering to help the boy?

As he struggled to calm his breathing down, he knew that this moment was what he had longed for for so long - a moment of clarity he'd thought he would never achieve. If he had any sort of vocation for the priesthood, its origin was here, in this moment. Something inside him yearned for a definite mission in life, and priesthood now seemed a confirmation of that mission. That vision from his past, provoked by this encounter with the wild child made him see that in some way associated with these sights, he was scarred, and that a priesthood devoted to protection of children, especially vulnerable, damaged, and neglected children could heal scarring. A huge certainty arose in him, that if he were to save even just one child, that action would redeem the debt he owed.

He sat in a trance for ages, turning over in his mind the fulfillment of the priestly mission he saw for himself. He wanted to be persuaded that if ever he felt secure in anything, this vocation would be a part of him and the life he would lead. He did not stop to consider other options - he felt only that this experience of calling out to the wild child was an affirmation of the decisions already made.

* * * * *

About thirty minutes later, Mrs October peeped in at the door, and saw that he was just sitting in his chair, gazing up at the stained glass window.

"Father, those men who came to see you about Kleingat, ag, I mean, Andile. The ones who said he was their cousin? And one of them was in the church yesterday for the funeral?"

Riley felt a twinge of anxiety. He did not want this.

"Well, two of them have now come back to see you again. They have something to tell you, and it's important. And they say thank you to you for the funeral. It was very nice, they said."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are waiting outside the Rectory. I wasn't going to let them go in without me being there also."

"Well, Mrs October, I will see them in here. This is a good place for people to meet, don't you agree? Can you please bring them here?" He sat back on his chair, and put his hands together, with a slight smile on his face. He guessed that he would have the edge by meeting them here - he was much more at home in the chapel than his guests would be.

When they came in, they took their caps off, and shuffled up the aisle to stand in front of Riley.

"Hallo. Please do have a seat. I understand that you have something to tell me."

"Yes, Hallo, Father. Thank you for seeing us. Father, you said in the sermon yesterday that nobody knew how or why Andile had died. Well, we thought we should come and talk to you about what we know, so that you can maybe talk to the detective. We know him. He's a good man."

"What are you telling me - that you know how and why Andile was killed?"

"Yes, we do. It wasn't us, but we knew about it. And we are not going to tell you who did it because we don't want them to get caught. You see, Father, Kleingat was passing on information to us especially when the police were raiding. He had been doing that for a year or

more. At first, we didn't really believe him, but he was right most of the time. We couldn't work out how he found the information, but he passed it on and it became helpful for us. But then on Sunday, we found out for sure that Kleingat was also an impimpi, that he was giving information to Security Branch about who the people were who were leading the protests after the funerals. He was passing information both ways. He told the police the names of the activists who were organising, and then he came to us and told us that the police were going to arrest them so they should get out of Grahamstown. He slipped up. He should not have tried to be too clever. When the others heard what he had done, they came and grabbed him and took him away. I wasn't there when they beat him."

Riley crossed himself in horror, but kept his wits about him and asked, "If they killed him, why did they leave him there outside the church? And why did you ask me when you came last time what his wounds were? You knew what they were. And why did ask about the police, if they brought him here?"

There was a pause. "Father, you must be very careful about what we are going to tell you now. You want to know how he came here, to this church - well, so do we. We can tell you what happened after he was beaten. The comrades decided to send a message to the boere about impimpis. Also to let the police know that Kleingat had been selling their secrets as well. We approached one of the comrades who had a car, and we put Kleingat in the boot, and late on Monday night, we drove up to the Security Policeman Van Zyl's house, and we dropped the kwedin on his stoep so that Van Zyl would see it first thing. We left a note for as well - "Here is your impimpi, but he was our impimpi first." He wasn't dead then, for sure, but he wasn't going to live. When we were running away back to the car, we saw lights go on in Van Zyl's house, so we got away as quick as possible."

"Why Van Zyl? Why on earth pick him out?"

"Ah, you see, Father, we suspect now that Kleingat must have been giving Van Zyl information. Even in 1977, and 1978, when there was trouble here and schools were burnt, it

was probably Kleingat giving information to the police. And Van Zyl was the one who controlled him."

"So you are saying that Van Zyl brought Kleingat here - on the Monday night."

"Well, that is what we think. And we don't know why he brought him here. But when you said there was a bullet wound, only then did we know how Kleingat died."

"Are you assuming it was Van Zyl who shot him then?" Riley was horrified at himself for asking the question.

"Well, Father, it is quite likely. That is why we wanted to ask you. Because we didn't shoot him."

They all sat in silence. Riley was concerned solely with the violence that had been meted out to Andile. It did not seem to him that these two were much concerned about Andile's death. Riley did not want to hear the details. But he knew he would have to tell Broughton everything that he had heard.

"I will be telling this to the CID man, Lieutenant Broughton."

"That's okay, Father. You don't know our names, and you whites always say we Bantu all look the same to you anyway. You will never hear names of the people who beat up Andile from us, or from anyone else. All you must know is that the Security Policeman was involved. That is why we have come to tell you."

* * * * *

They stood up, and left. Riley sat for a long while, shocked what he had been told. In the end, he pulled himself together and returned to the Rectory. When he sat down at the phone, he called Broughton and asked him to come past the church. When Broughton tried to probe the reason for this, Riley firmly ended the conversation. He did not want to mention over the telephone anything of what the men had told him. He was a little nervous now about the scope of the

Security Police, especially after last weekend. And after he had gone ahead with a funeral even though Van Zyl had been very specific. On the other hand, Riley knew that he no longer felt any fear or trepidation over this defiance. He knew with absolute conviction that the funeral had been the right moral and spiritual course to follow. Armed with that new confidence, he had no difficulty with his decision to go ahead.

As he sat at his desk, there was a knock at the door, and Mrs October showed the visitor in. It was Father Nyako.

“Good morning, Father Riley. I hope I am not disturbing anything important, but I just wanted to visit you after yesterday’s funeral. You did a mavellous job, and it was a very impressive and moving event. As much for me as it clearly was for Mrs Mabata and the others. And little Andile probably received more attention there from people who cared for him than he did at any time in his life. You must feel very rewarded. And fulfilled.” He smiled at Father Riley, who found it impossible to respond immediately for fear of his voice cracking with emotion. He knew that Nyako was commending him.

There was a short pause, until Riley had regained his composure and had asked Mrs October for tea. Father Nyako was content to sit in a calm silence waiting for Riley to respond.

“Do you know, Father, I learned more through that funeral than at any other time of my ministry. I didn’t want to do it at first. I was scared; I didn’t want to be any part of it. Yet, when that Security Policeman, Van Zyl, came to threaten me, I felt some inner strength that I never knew I had. And then I realised it was not my strength that I was feeling, and that humbled me more than I have ever felt.”

“What are you saying - did Van Zyl come here and threaten you? About what?”

“Oh, he said that there was a proclamation banning funerals and that I was not to go ahead with this one.”

“Well, there was a proclamation but it only applied over the weekend. What else did he say?”

“He said he would make trouble for me if I went ahead.”

“And what did you say?”

Riley smiled, a half-smile, as if he found it difficult to believe what he was going to say. “Well, I said I would pray for him so that he could restore order and dignity within the townships. And then I showed him out.”

Nyako fell back on his chair and bellowed with laughter. He could hardly stop himself, and there were tears in his eyes. When he calmed down, he shook his head. “Did you say that to Van Zyl? No offence, Father, but the power of God to bring about miracles...” and he laughed again. This time, Riley joined in, feeling the tension ease from his shoulders and neck. He had a sudden sense of trust in Father Nyako - here was a man to whom he could express himself.

“Yes, you are right. That was the power of God, because it was definitely not mine. ” He shifted in his chair, a little uncomfortable, but knowing that Nyako’s presence now allowed him to try to say what he had been meditating in church, before the visit of the men earlier in the day. He realised that Father Nyako’s presence filled him with confidence, and he felt inclined for the first time ever to expose what he regarded as the scar on his soul.

“Father, I felt more like a priest yesterday than I ever have before. You know the prayer of St Francis - “Make me an instrument of your Peace” - that was the first time that I truly understood that. You see, years ago, I became a priest without really feeling an unshakeable faith. I felt that becoming a priest would be a way of saving myself. Even as a child. I believed that life was wretched. My own experience, being an orphan, being deserted by my real parents, living in an orphanage, things that I had to do in that institution, I just thought life was a raw deal. Can I tell you about something that happened to me there?”

Father Nyako responded slowly. “Yes, of course, if you think it is right to tell me. Shall I regard this as a confession?”

“Well, maybe not a confession, but perhaps after I have told you the story, I shall have to make my confession.”

"Then go ahead, Father." And Nyako closed his eyes.

"My first conscious memories were from the orphanage in Dublin. I never found out who my biological parents were. All I knew was the place itself, and the people who lived there. Whatever friends I had, they too were there, and whatever I knew of the world, it was from them that I learnt it. There was a monk who ran the institution, Brother Timothy – he was a kind man, and a good man, but we did not often see him. There were two other Brothers, but the man who looked after us was Mr Ralph. He was not a nice man. He shouted a lot, and sometimes hit us. I knew that sometimes he took the naughty boys into his room and beat them with a strap till they bled. We were all scared of Mr Ralph, but luckily he didn't take much notice of me.

"Every now and then I still have such strong and frightening memories of that time and place. They come surging out of the places where I had managed to hide them, even to the extent that I could smell the odours of the orphanage, the musty, coal-driven fires, the smell of damp in the plaster, the stench of unwashed boys, the lingering scents of food, potatoes, oats, milk.

"Billy Connor slept on one side of me, and Euan Pierce on the other. We were eight years old. We tried to look after ourselves, and we got by. Across from us was Brendan Sherrard, who was a troublemaker. Not because he was naughty, but because he was always getting sick, and then Mr Ralph would get angry, and we would all suffer. We tried to look after him, help him make his bed, tidy up, but it didn't work. Brendan often just cried for no reason, and that made Mr Ralph even angrier. I tried to find out why he cried, but he could never get the words out. I believe he missed his mum. She had died only a short while before, and he had come into the orphanage after that. Me, I had been an orphan all my life. I tried to be friends with him, but it wasn't easy.

"Brendan was a skinny little chap, and he often didn't eat, so he didn't get any bigger. Then he cried at night, probably because he was hungry. The other boys teased him. He must have been unhappy all the time and there was no one else who tried to be his friend.

"Then one night, in January, when it was snowing outside, we were all cold, and trying to keep warm. We were running around in our dormitory, and pushing each other, playing games. Brendan started whining, and whimpering and other boys started shouting at him and telling him to keep quiet, but he wouldn't, and then Mr Ralph came in to see what the trouble was. He was really angry and he had been drinking because he smelled of it when he came past us. He shouted at Brendan to hush up, but Brendan didn't, he just started shouting himself, and then Mr Ralph swore, and picked him up and dragged him out of the dormitory. We were shocked – he had never done that before. The noise stopped as Mr Ralph closed doors behind him and we were scared too, so we all shut up too.

"Then the dreadful thing happened. We all jumped into bed, and the lights were put out. I couldn't sleep. I was waiting for Mr Ralph to bring Brendan back. But I never saw him. I must have slept at some time. I kept waking up, and I saw it was getting lighter, so it must have been early the next morning. All the boys were still asleep, but I saw Mr Ralph came tiptoeing into the dorm and went to Brendan's bed. Brendan wasn't in his bed, and Mr Ralph jerked upright and pulled the covers back. I sat up, and he saw that I was awake. He put his finger to his lips so I knew I had to be very quiet. He came over to my bed and took me by the arm and beckoned me to go with him. We crept out of the dorm and he led me down to the side door that went out to the street. He unlocked it, and turned his face away from me and said, 'Go and find out where your friend is.' He didn't look at me. He turned his face away. He must have thrown Brendan out last night, which was horrible. It was so cold. I went outside, too scared of Mr Ralph to say no. I looked around, considering that if I had been sent out, where would I have tried to hide myself to keep warm. I looked around, and then I saw, not far from the door, in the corner of the building, lying in a bundle was Brendan. He had a peaceful look on his face, but I could tell that he was gone. He was the first person I ever saw that was dead. I was so scared; I didn't know what to do. I thought it was my fault that Brendan had died. As I stood there, Mr Ralph came out and said, 'What is it, boy?' and I pointed at Brendan, and Mr Ralph stared, and said, 'Fuggit, fuggit,

fuggit.' He lifted his hands to his head and held his head as if it was blowing apart. I will never forget the look in his eyes – he looked terrified and that scared me even more than seeing Brendan. Then I realized that he knew what he had done. He must have forgotten to bring Brendan in – he might have thought to leave him outside for ten minutes or so - he did that sometimes - but he must have fallen asleep. He looked like he had just woken up. So that is why he had come to look at Brendan's bed, to see if it had actually happened.

"So, suddenly, he grabs my arm and says, 'We must sort this out.' I thought he was going to go and tell Brother Timothy, but what he meant was that we were going to pick Brendan up, and carry him inside, and put him back in his bed so that it would look like he had died there. Then Mr Ralph would not be blamed for Brendan. He could say that he let him in and he was fine and he put him back in bed. Mr Ralph was so powerful, so stern, that I could not do anything except what he told me to do. We took his pajamas off and then Mr Ralph pointed a finger right in my face and said, 'You keep quiet about this or by God, I will kill you.' The way he was looking, I believed him. Then he picked Brendan up and carried him back to the dormitory. Nobody was awake yet, and so nobody saw anything. Except me. And I saw it all, and I helped Mr Ralph. And then I got back into my bed and Mr Ralph went out. He came back in after about five minutes, new clothes, and he started making a noise and getting us up like he always did. He didn't look at Brendan's bed at all, just walked around, getting us going. And then when Brendan didn't get up, Euan went to his and shook him and said, 'Come on Brendan boy. Time to get up.' And then Euan felt Brendan and how cold and stiff he was, and then everyone saw that he was not right.

"Mr Ralph came over, and said loudly, 'What's going on here? I brought this boy back to his bed after you chaps had gone to sleep. His pyjamas were wet so he went to bed without them just to be able to warm up.'

"There was a silence – we didn't know if we should do anything or just let Mr Ralph do it. And then he turned to me, and gave me such a look into my eyes. He said to me, 'You, go and

call Brother Benedict. He will be in the kitchen office.' I shot off, anything to get out of that room. I found Brother Ben and told him that Brendan was dead in his bed. I took him to the dormitory. All the boys were sitting down on their beds, and Mr Ralph was marching up and down, keeping them all quiet. Brother Ben stood there without saying anything, and I could see that he was praying for Brendan. He didn't know what had happened, but he was just praying because someone was dead. Then he said, very quietly, 'Mr Ralph, what has happened here?'

"Mr Ralph had got his story together. 'I came in here last night because the boys were making such a racket, running around and shouting. And then Brendan started shouting at me, really disrespectful like, and I couldn't let that go unpunished, so I took him out of the dormitory and made him stand in the hall. After half an hour, I came back, and his pyjamas were wet, and so I took them off him and put him back in bed without them so that he could get warm. None of the other boys were awake when I brought him back, but Brendan was alright and proper sorry for his rudeness and impertinence. When I came in this morning to wake the boys up, it seems that he must have died during the night.'

"Brother Ben looked confused. 'Mr Ralph, why didn't you get him his spare pyjamas? He must have been freezing.' Mr Ralph replied, 'He was all right when I left him here. He was warmed up in his bed.' Brother Ben kept looking at Mr Ralph, as if he could not believe this story. But Mr Ralph stared straight back at him, and nothing happened.

"Brother Benedict turned to the rest of the dormitory. 'Did any of you wake up, or see anything of this, or see Brendan come back in?' He looked at everyone, in turn, but nobody had seen anything, except me. And when Brother Benedict looked at me, I was too scared of Mr Ralph to do anything. I just shook my head like everyone else was doing.

"Nobody ever did find out what had really happened. Some people thought that Mr Ralph was lying, but they could prove nothing. He became even fiercer in his job, and the orphanage was an unhappy place. Brother Timothy and Brother Ben tried to talk to all of us, but I don't know if they were trying to find out whether anyone knew anything, or whether they were just

trying to comfort us because one boy in our dorm had died. Brendan was buried, and that seemed to be the end of it."

There was a long pause. Riley swallowed drily a couple of times, and wiped his face. He looked over at Father Nyako, who still had his eyes closed.

"But I knew, and I knew that I had been part of the lie. It was my responsibility that the cause of Brendan's death was never revealed."

Father Nyako opened his eyes and looked across to Riley. His eyes were filled with sympathy. "Ah, Father Riley, you do need to clear your soul of that burden. You certainly should make your confession, as a starting point."

"That event shaped me, I am sure of it. I learnt to hide it away, and there were times when I forgot about it altogether. But I believed that life was just bad, that there was no chance for goodness. It was an illusion, I now know. I kept looking for evidence that life was bad. But then my adopted parents rescued me. They gave me every opportunity to make a success of things. I didn't appreciate that at the time. Andile and I, we were not so different to start with. But I was lucky - I was rescued. Andile wasn't. Even though he did have what Mrs Mabata tried to give him. She was willing just to love him. And that was too hard for him to accept. I understand that now. I also understand that life is good, can be wonderful, in fact, if you can just allow yourself to be loved."

There was a long silence as both men absorbed what had been said. Father Nyako smiled at Philip.

"Well, Father Riley, there is not much else that I need to say. A week ago, I would not have believed that you could say such things."

"Something else is now clear to me - I can do nothing further for Andile, but there are other people who now will need support, and care and love. In fact, there are so many of them."

"Yes, Father. There are so many of them."

* * * * *

Shortly after Father Nyako left, Broughton arrived. Riley met him at the front door, and led him back into the church, and sat him down. When he had finished telling the detective all that he had heard from the visitors about Andile's death, he asked if any of it was of assistance to him. Broughton didn't respond immediately. Riley looked intently at him, trying to understand what his reaction indicated. He thought that Broughton looked distracted, distant – almost as if he had not heard what he had been told.

Riley repeated his question whether this information was of any use to Broughton, who finally responded. "Well, it is not going to help bring Andile's killers to justice. There is nothing I can use from what they have told you. It is just not the sort of evidence that I can use. And about Lieutenant Van Zyl's involvement - what do we have to go on but an untested and anonymous report? No, Father, I cannot accept that. I will be reporting that Andile's death was caused by a gunshot and an assault by person or persons unknown, and that will be the end of it. You should just accept, Father, that what happened here in the church yesterday was as good a conclusion as anyone of us can hope for."

* * * * *

Broughton sat in his car in Market Street, gazing blankly up into Fingo Village. He and he alone had known about where the bullet had been fired. What he was now sure of was that Van Zyl had either ordered that act of retaliation, or had performed it himself. Broughton knew the prevailing views held by others about Van Zyl – that he was a tightly controlled man until he lost his temper, and when he did lose his temper, he was very intemperate. A vicious and ultimately pointless retaliation like this was completely in character. Broughton had no doubt in his mind that what these men had told Father Riley was entirely the truth. However, as far as he was

concerned, their revelation made no impact on what he was going to report. He would have to mention the bullet wound because it was in the state pathologist's report. But the report simply indicated that the bullet had entered and immediately exited the body. There was no mention of the bullet itself, and nobody but he knew about it. Or that it had been fired in the churchyard, and not somewhere else, possibly where the beating had taken place. He accepted that unless Riley's three visitors sought him out, he would never know who they were, or who the killers were. That troubled him as a professional, but in the context of this weekend's actions, and the nature of Andile's death, he did not feel that he could achieve anything further.

However, the information that Andile's battered but still living body had been taken to Van Zyl was another matter altogether. Van Zyl had possibly been very stupid if he had used a weapon to shoot Kleingat that could be traced back to him. If he had ordered someone else to do it, that also was a potential weak point which might expose a link to Van Zyl.

Broughton realised that the bullet that he had retrieved from the dirt outside the church was more important than he had thought, but in a very different way. It was the only objective evidence that might lead to at least one of the persons involved in Kleingat's death. And now he knew that Andile's death was political, and had been accomplished by someone in the Security Police.

Broughton felt his own anger rising. The rage was a cold and damaging feeling, eating at the core of his sense of justice and fair play. He played out the scenario of confronting Van Zyl outright, and trying at least to get some acknowledgement from him about the deed. It seemed pointless, but Broughton could not let it go. He wanted Van Zyl to know that someone else knew about this action of his, this 'execution.' But to confront Van Zyl, he would have to submit the bullet for testing.

Broughton then drove through various parts of Grahamstown. There were many routes from Van Zyl's house to the church, and most of them avoided having to drive past any businesses that might have been open that late at night. There was no chance of finding any

witnesses to place Van Zyl anywhere near the churchyard. Finally, he pulled up next to the church.

The question was whether he was going to confront Van Zyl, either in an official or in a private capacity, or else just drop the issue of the bullet in the churchyard dust, ignore what the men had told Riley. Presenting him with hearsay evidence by unidentified Bantu males - Van Zyl would just laugh at him. He was unshakeable in a situation like this. He was intensely committed his cause - the preservation of law and order and the maintenance of the state, whatever the cost or the means. The only benefit to be gained from a confrontation with Van Zyl was to let him know that some one else knew about his lapse of judgment, his act of retaliation. Unless the ballistics proved that it was Van Zyl's pistol that had fired the fatal shot.

And what would be the benefit of that, anyway? Broughton now realised one thing. When the men had dumped the body of the dying boy on his stoep, and revealed him as a double agent rather than just an informer, Van Zyl had regarded this as an insult, and he had snapped. Broughton even had a slight suspicion that he, if he had been the recipient, might have reacted much as Van Zyl had at such an outrage. Especially if Kleingat had been a special case informant for Van Zyl.

On the other hand, just closing the case and handing in the files meant that Van Zyl and others like him would get away with their behaviour. Broughton knew the truth about ends and means, that immoral means could never result in moral ends. He knew that he had not really tried to bring this investigation to a proper conclusion. How then on the larger scale was he not complicit?

Broughton felt himself entering deeper and deeper waters. He knew that he had tried to work for justice in his service as a policeman, and he knew that many times he had failed. Sometimes the failure was as a result of ignorance, or being let down by others, or being confronted by unsolvable crimes. Sometimes, from his own errors. But he liked to pride himself that he had never failed to pursue a course out of physical or moral cowardice. He had to get out

of the car and walk around to clear his head. He needed more time to arrive at a decision. He would wait until Monday. This might mean a bad weekend, but he understood that was the price to be paid. He would put everything aside for 48 hours and work things through on Sunday night. Maybe go away with Elizabeth to their cottage at Kenton.

He went back to his office in the police station in New Street, and put his thoughts in order. He wrote out his report in longhand to submit to Major Cloete, omitting completely any mention of Van Zyl; revised it, and then typed it out on official paper. He sat at his desk for a while, going through the pages. Was he right to leave out Van Zyl's involvement in the final stages of the episode? How right was it for him to conclude that it was impossible to find out who had beaten Andile and killed him? Why was he now feeling insecure about submitting his report as it was? He began to suspect that if he were to consider these questions too deeply, he would arrive at a place he had no intention of visiting. Better to draw the line, submit the report, and move on. But he knew that he would have a further meeting with Van Zyl. He slid these sheets into the Kleingat file, and went home.

When Broughton arrived home, he searched out Elizabeth and folded her into a long hug. He felt her responding warmly, and he heard her breathe in deeply. "You have been so far away these past weeks. As if you have been absent from me. Even when we were lying in bed. But now you are back again. I've got my husband back again."

He kissed her awkwardly. "I'm sorry I have been so distant." She put a finger on his lips.

"It's fine, it's fine just as long as you are back again."

He nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

"So you are finished with the little street kid. Have you closed the file?"

"No, not yet. Maybe one more interview to tie up the last thread. But I have written my report."

"That's good." She gave him a squeeze and broke away to make him some tea. As they sat at the kitchen table drinking it, Broughton judged the time was right.

“I have a plan. Why don’t we go down to Kenton for the weekend?” Elizabeth’s face broke into a smile, and she clapped her hands.

“We can leave now. There won’t be any trouble in the townships - no funerals are allowed, and anyway, I won’t be called out this weekend. We can come back Sunday.”

She stood up immediately. “Yes, let’s go. It’s time we got out of here for a while. You go and pack us some clothes. I’ll put some food together - we can have a real braai.”

“And don’t forget to pack the beer as well.”

Half an hour later, they were on the road going past the Stone Crescent, heading for Salem and down to the coast. Elizabeth’s family owned a small cottage on the Bushman’s side, quite close to the sea. As long as they were there, Broughton knew he would be able to keep out of his mind the meeting he might have to hold with Van Zyl. On Monday.

It was a wonderful weekend. They slept late on Saturday morning, walked on the beach, rowed up the river with a picnic, drank beer, and in the evening, cooked meat on the rickety old braai that lived on the stoep and never seemed to give up. They were content to be quiet with each other. As they went to bed on Saturday night, Elizabeth asked Daniel, “Are you happy that this case is over? You seem to be to have been more affected by this case than any other I can remember.”

Broughton lay on his back looking up in the darkness to the ceiling. He had not consciously thought about the case during the day, but when Elizabeth asked him this, he realized that matters were falling into a kind of resolution.

“I suppose I am clearer now about the situation, now that it is nearly finished. But I am more worried now than ever before about what seems to be happening in this country. I mean, why are children still getting killed? We saw what happened in 76, not only in Soweto but everywhere. But why does it go on happening? I don’t understand. Black children in the townships have been waging a war with the authorities for three four years now, and nothing changes.

"Things are getting worse more and more quickly, and we are going to see a lot of trouble in the years ahead. You know I once told you what someone said - how sometimes it seems like you have an irresistible force up against an immoveable object. The irresistible force is the demands of the black people, and the immoveable object is us, the white people, the state, apartheid. That's exactly what happened - Sharpeville and Langa, and Cato Manor - all those explosions in 1960, but the state was unmoved, and after five or six years everything had been put under control. And then again the clash of these two in '76, but I tell you now, it's not going to be like that this time.

"And you know why - because this time everybody is willing to use violence in whatever way they can to make their point. The ANC used to be non-violent, and now they are fighting. The communities everywhere use violence to make their protests, and we, the police, use violence to stop them. And it doesn't work. It just makes things worse. And in the middle of it all now, it is the children who suffer."

He lay quiet for a few moments. He was not used to making statements and judgments like this, even to Elizabeth. He knew that once such words were out, the situation became real. If the words were not said, the truth could be cast aside. But this time, once he started speaking, it was hard to stop.

"My love, my love," Elizabeth murmured, and reached out to take his hand. She had never heard Daniel talk like this before, and she realised more strongly now how affected he had been by Andile. "I don't know how to respond to that, except I believe you are correct. I don't know how this can be put right. All I say is that we as individuals must live our own lives according to our own beliefs, and that is about the best you can hope for. I know that is just selfish, but I feel helpless. I suppose that in the end, you have to consider other people rather than just yourself."

They lay in silence for a while, and then Daniel rolled onto his side facing her, and slowly put his arms around her. She moved into his shoulder, and they lay there quietly until they fell asleep.

* * * * *

After lunch on Sunday, they packed up and went back to Grahamstown. That evening, Broughton took himself off to the garage to finish the bowl. It was nearly there, and he wanted to give it to Elizabeth almost as a way of making up for the lost fortnight. He also knew that working with wood for an hour or so was the best way to clear his mind for what he might say to Van Zyl. If he went ahead with the meeting. He was not sure whether or not he would. When he went back to the house, to go to bed, he knew that his project was complete. Once the oil had settled into the wood, he would give it to Elizabeth. He felt really satisfied with the bowl. It had wonderful markings, set at an angle from the horizontal, and he had achieved exactly the shape and effect he had wanted, right from the first time he had seen the stump of wild olive.

Monday 4 August

When Broughton arrived at the station, he called in to Major Cloete and gave him a quick summary of his conclusions. He left out any mention of Van Zyl's role, as he had done in the written report. The encounter was now going to be between Van Zyl and him, and no one else. He would leave the file on Major Cloete's desk later on.

He was assigned to another case shortly after this, and spent the rest of the morning coming to grips with a burglary in Harrison Street. It seemed like old times. When he returned to the station, he called Van Zyl. He had been considering avoiding Van Zyl, but he knew that he would not be able to sidestep this meeting. Van Zyl agreed to see him later on in the afternoon. It had been a quiet weekend. He came across almost as affable.

Broughton walked across to the Sanlam building as he had done previously. He took no papers with him. The substance of this meeting would not be recorded anywhere. He was let in to the building and he found his own way to Van Zyl's office.

Van Zyl was sitting behind his desk, and there was a file placed at exact right angles to the front of the desk. Nothing else. He rose to greet Broughton; they shook hands and seated themselves. Broughton realised that now that it was upon him, he had no apprehension about what he was doing.

"Thank you for seeing me. I want to continue the discussion we had last week. I am almost finished with my investigation, and I want to tell you my conclusions. Do you want to hear them?"

Van Zyl inclined his head, keeping his pale green eyes fixed on Broughton. His face gave nothing away.

"The State Pathologist's report states that death was caused finally by a gunshot wound to the head, after sustained injuries from prolonged beating with sticks, heavy objects and maybe

stones. He had a broken arm, and broken ribs. Massive bruising. So from that description, I conclude that he was severely beaten by a number of people, not just one, and then shot. The corpse was taken to the churchyard in Hudson Street and deposited on the side of the church hidden from the road. This must have happened on Monday night, because the priest found the corpse on Tuesday morning and it was not there on Monday evening. Is all this clear?

"You haven't told me anything of importance yet. Cause of death - well, if you'd seen the body you'd know. What else?"

"The question then would be, 'Who did it?' Other questions also arise, such as why was the deceased dumped there in the church; where did the beating take place; and above all else why did the beating take place? Also, why the gunshot wound?"

Broughton looked up at Van Zyl to see whether there was any reaction. He was hoping to see the beginnings of irritation, as he was deliberately dragging out his account. But nothing showed on Van Zyl's face.

"I have questioned people all up and down the street near the church, but nobody could tell me anything helpful. Nobody seems to have heard anything at any time during the night. Or else they heard something but were not going to acknowledge or admit to it. Not very helpful at all. So following on from what you told me, that Kleingat did from time to time pass on information to you, I considered that the most likely identity of the perpetrators would be people from the township who somehow found out that he was an impimpi, and death was punishment for his betrayal. If that is correct, will we be able find out who did it? The answer as far as I am concerned, is no. There is no way that we will be able to find sufficient evidence to bring any charges against anyone for Andile's death. We know that his death happened sometime in the immediate aftermath of the violence and unrest on the Saturday afternoon. We don't know if it was part of the unrest, or else completely unrelated. My guess is that it was unrelated, given the time of death and the discovery of the corpse."

Van Zyl interrupted him. "Who's 'Andile'? Is it Kleingat - why do you call him Andile?"

Broughton looked levelly at Van Zyl. “One of the street children gave me a tin box belonging to Kleingat. In the box, there was a baptism certificate for a boy called Andile. No parents. Issued at St Matthew’s Mission near Keiskammahoek. So at least we know his name now.”

Broughton started ticking off on his fingers. “We know that he was beaten and shot and we know that he was an informer. We assume that he was beaten and shot because people from the township found out he were an informer. We do not know how they found out, and we do not know who the people were who did it. We can be sure that he was not beaten up in the churchyard - there was no physical evidence to sustain that. We do not know why he was taken to the church and left there. In the end, that is all that I have been able to put on my report. And there it stands.” He looked up at Van Zyl.

Van Zyl gave a couple of slow nods. “That all seems right. Nothing much else to add, I guess. Another unsolved case, hey, Lieutenant. These are difficult times for law and order.” Broughton saw that after this summary, Van Zyl appeared a touch more relaxed than when he started. That was what he had hoped for. So instead of sitting back and agreeing with Van Zyl, he leaned forward.

“But, there is something else I must still find out more about. You see, Lieutenant, maybe you can help me. The report from the pathologist mentioned that the bullet wound was the final cause of death. However, given the nature of his other injuries, it is unlikely that he would have survived. The question is; why the gun shot as well?”

“Well, then, whoever killed him must have fired the shot to make sure he was dead before taking him away to be discovered somewhere. I am sure that they did not want to wake up with a dead body with them in the shack.”

“Yes, I suppose that was the sensible thing to do. But it didn’t happen like that. The beating took place somewhere else, but the gunshot was fired in the churchyard, when the deceased was found. I retrieved the bullet from the place where we found Andile’s body.”

Van Zyl was now fully focussed. “So why didn’t you say anything about this before? This is very important. Where is the bullet now?”

“I will be sending it to ballistics. You see, I think the bullet was a 9mm slug. Maybe it came from a Beretta. You know, police issue.”

Van Zyl still preserved an icy demeanour, but gave nothing away. But there was an urgency in his voice. “What are you suggesting, Lieutenant? That a policeman did this? That police were involved in the death of this boy? That doesn’t make sense. I have already told you he was an informer. We needed him.”

Broughton played his next card. “I don’t know if it was a police pistol that fired the shot. It could have been anyone else. It could have been a police pistol that had been stolen. But what I don’t understand is why someone fired a shot when the boy was clearly dying. What do you suppose they were hoping to achieve by this? Do you have any ideas?”

“Why are you asking me, Lieutenant? I have no idea why anyone would want to do that. Unless they thought that the boy wasn’t dead.”

“You see, it looks like the bullet was fired execution style, as if whoever fired the bullet wanted to send a message? Don’t you agree?”

Van Zyl was now definitely uncomfortable, Broughton thought. Now it’s time.

“So depending on what ballistics reveal, I am going to have to include this in my report - that there was a bullet wound caused by what appeared to be a shot from a pistol, fired there in the churchyard. The reason for this execution remains unsolved. The boy was an informant for Lieutenant Van Zyl of the Security Police - and any further information should be made available to him.”

Van Zyl gripped the desk and leaned forward. His face twisted and his voice was suddenly hoarse. “What fucking game are you up to, Lieutenant? Are you suggesting that I had something to do with this? Are you trying to implicate me in this little affair? Just because he was one of my informants, don’t think that I had anything to do with this. I have much bigger problems to

deal with - have you been so obsessed with this little thing that you can't see that the place is going up in flames all around you? Are you so blind to what really matters?" Van Zyl stopped abruptly. He looked down and straightened the file in front of him. Broughton wanted Van Zyl to go on, to say something that might incriminate him, but Van Zyl remained silent. When he looked up again, his eyes were blank, neutral.

Broughton knew that he had gone as far as he could. Of course, he wanted to hear Van Zyl reveal that he had fired the shot, and why, although he knew that the chances of such an admission from Van Zyl were absolutely minimal. Planting the seed of doubt in the Lieutenant's mind was something that might make it a little bit harder to Van Zyl to believe he could continue with impunity.

"No, I wanted to tell you. I don't know how much I should include it in my report. I am not sure yet."

Van Zyl's thin smile didn't reach his eyes. Broughton stood up, put out his hand to shake hands, and Van Zyl did not respond. He stood up but stayed behind his desk, with his hands in his pockets. Broughton shrugged his shoulders. He turned and left, closing the door quietly behind him.

Tuesday 5 August

Father Riley woke early, feeling refreshed. His mind was clear, and his spirit light and easy. He lay for a while in his bed, quietly praying, or meditating - he was not sure. If what was happening was prayer, it was not from the liturgy, it came from somewhere within him. When he heard Mrs October enter the house, he got up, put his dressing gown on, and walked through to the kitchen to greet her. In all the time that she had worked for him, Father Riley had always been fully and properly clothed when she arrived.

“Father,” she gasped. “Is there something wrong?”

“No, my dear Mrs October, nothing at all. In fact, just the opposite. I feel on top of the world. Let us have some tea together.”

Mrs October stared in astonishment. She knew from experience that Father Riley was sometimes not very cheerful first thing in the morning, and this was quite a shock. He sat down at the table and nodded to her, so she started making the tea. Her hand shook and she spilled some of the leaves. When the tea had brewed, he said to her, “Please do sit down with me and let us drink the tea together.”

She did, very carefully and uncertainly, and they drank their tea in an awkward silence, until Father Riley commented that it seemed like a nice day, and Mrs October agreed.

When he had finished, Father Riley smiled at her, and went to have his shower. Mrs October prepared his breakfast and then scuttled out of the kitchen to avoid being invited to share his breakfast with him.

After breakfast, Riley went to his study and said Matins. A plan was taking shape in his heart, following the meditation he had done during the night. When he had finished, he went through to Mrs October. She looked at him apprehensively.

“Mrs October, I have a favour to ask you. Do you know if Mrs Mabata will be working today?”

“Mrs Mabata - no, she is staying at home this week. Miss Davy said it was alright. She will be at home. Shame, she is still heartsore for the little boy.”

“Mrs October, I believe we should go and visit her, and help to comfort her. But I have never been to her house, and in truth I don’t know the way or the address. Would you please walk with me, so that we can visit her?”

Epilogue

All day, Broughton felt as if he had been concussed. Everything was slowed down, and he found it really difficult to concentrate. He needed to decide whether or not to submit the bullet, but he couldn't. He went through the routines of his cases, but felt he was getting nowhere. In the end, he gave up. He tidied up his desk. He placed the file that contained the report on Andile's death on this desk, having made no changes to what he had written on Friday. He went home. He sat with Elizabeth for a while, and they had a glass of wine together. After supper, Broughton excused himself and went to the garage. As it was a still night, and the garage was stuffy, he opened the door to let air in. He picked up the bowl that he had made for Elizabeth, and caressed it. The feel of the wood was wonderful to him. Its shape was perfect. It was the best gift he could give her, because in the bowl was all the time he had taken to complete it, and all the love he had poured into it, both his love of its creation and his love for his wife. He knew that as soon as he gave it to her, she would want to use it. Tomorrow, there would be a green salad for supper - lettuce, cucumber, small cherry tomatoes from her garden out the back, and avocado from Mr Naran. He pictured them together eating the salad.

At that moment, he became aware of a car coming up the street at speed. He lifted his head to see who was driving so inappropriately in this neighbourhood. He then heard the car braking hard, and gearing down. The noise was not so loud as to bring people out of their houses to see what was going on - it was just that he had the garage door open and maybe he was half-expecting something. As the car came into view through the open door, he recognised it as a Toyota Cressida. The windows were slightly tinted so he could not see anything of the inside of the car. As it came to a stop, the door on the far side opened and an arm and half a body emerged, the head of the person enclosed in a dark balaclava. Broughton saw the arm flex, and a spark, and then the arm threw what it held into the garage. Broughton saw the bottle, he saw the greenish yellowish liquid it contained, and the cloth plug in the top of the bottle as it tumbled

slowly through the air, trailing fire and petrol before it crashed into the left hand side wall of the garage and burst into flames. He heard the car pull away, wheels spinning and engine roaring. The sound filled his head. The space within the garage shrank. The flames spread with electric speed. The stacked wood ignited with a roar, and the whole wall disappeared behind a curtain of fire. Broughton, still clutching the bowl in his hand, was stunned into immobility. His rational sense understood that the garage had been firebombed; his emotional sense could not comprehend what was going on. He stared at the flames now fanning out across the garage to the opposite wall, and then he heard the paint erupt. The door to the garden was now filled with flame. He turned to his right as the flames rushed up that wall and then he realised that he was trapped within a garland of fire that was changing the colours and shape of the world he stood in. He was transfixed. His world withdrew. All he was aware of was the wild olive bowl he was cradling in both hands, his perfect creation, his last communication, his offering of love.

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